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ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1854, BY
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No. 3.

MY CAMPAIGN REMINISCENCES.

PAPER SECOND.

I.

We were on the inland march. The up-hill tramp was as invigorating as pure Champagne, and the caravan did not halt until five good leagues had been measured. Then reposing, some with half and some with full-closed eyes, beneath the over-hanging leafy bowers, fresh and beautiful, we sought and found full protection from the noon-tide warmth.

But few cared then to study the great volume of Nature, which spread out its most delectable of prospects before us. The atmosphere was laden with aromatic odors, inducing somnolence; and the mountain-breeze stole softly down, a-tempering the genial clime, and fanned the sturdy troopers to sleep. From every spot whither they had climbed, or wind or bird had dropped the seeds on earth or exfoliating rock, sprang the loveliest of flowers. Deep meditations overcame me while gazing down on the sparkling silver ribbon of the Rio Antigua far beneath us, meandering toward the ocean. It soon became quite indistinct; for I followed the example of the greater number of my trusty comrades. The awakening time was hastened by a delightful choral hymn. So sweet was it that it inspired me with an irresistible inclination to treat the whole as a pleasing hallucination. What can touch and thrill the chord leading from the ear to the heart like the voice? Not all the artificial means and appliances in the world. Was it the vibrations of human breath that filled the air with harmony? All circumstances but one conspired to cheat the senses and assimilate the scene to an Arcadian revel.

A score of fellows, who by reason of having no music in their souls, or from sheer fatigue, still lay there, snoring like so many hippopotami, and that recalled my wandering faculties. David was regaling himself in an early concert among the cool ever-greens. Sitting alone, and screened from vulgar observance, was a young and handsome female,

a daughter of Germany. The music had called up memories of her girlhood ; for it was a melody of her native land to which she with emotion listened. Poor creature ! she was weeping. Katrina had followed her chosen one over the seas and into the army of his adopted country, with a true womanly devotion ; and not only encountered all the perils and sufferings of war with cheerfulness, but actually shared her affection between the splendor of a military life and her spouse. There was none braver in our corps than Dutch Kate, as she was called, and that those who have seen the gaily-adorned Amazon rush into action on her tall horse well know.

Another song. It almost made one forget the toilsome effort required to reach that place, when the dust flew in clouds from the sandy roads, so heated by a raging vertical sun that the fluids steamed and evaporated in the canteens, and all our nasal organs flamed like boiled lobsters ; when even the hum of the insect of the desert, and the genuine little republicans, the bees, now so plenty, was unheard. We had reached a more tolerable region — no fevers and a profusion of fruits. Even if the sun at times were a little too hot, there was a cunningly-devised remedy at hand, to serve as a grateful and pleasant shield for the nose ; and that was simply to affix thereto a morning-glory blossom that grew by the way-side.

The combination of modulated sounds abruptly ceased, drowned in the roll of drums for the march to continue. The duties of the day were arduous, but were much alleviated by the contemplated sport. It was rumored that at a village more than ten miles farther on, there was a considerable body of the enemy canteened ; and that imparted new energy to the toil-worn soldiery. The colonel invited the fine singers of the grenadier company to give one of their merry marching-songs. It was electrical. Verily it reminds me of the incident of the brave Swedish troops marching into the action of Lützen, singing as they tramped the battle-hymn, composed by Gustavus Adolphus himself :

‘Despair not, O thou handful small !’

The familiar airs of home vied with those culled from the classic stores of ‘Faderland,’ and were alike exhilarating ; and the parti-colored throng joined enthusiastically in the burthen. Who led the songsters ? David. He was the life of all. A singular felicity of invention in burlesque made his wording extremely amusing. When we jogged along, the *païsonos* have heard the dying shrieks of their tortured vernacular, as it writhed in the jaws of the invading minstrel. What cared he for their shrugs and grimaces ? The approval of his comrades was law.

II.

Our adversaries wisely postponed the cracking of their calabashes to a day uncertain ; decamping in such haste that a bountiful repast was left ready for our use. The soreness of disappointment at not meeting the foe and the edge of fierce appetite were both taken off by the sumptuous fare ; and then, like Mr. Micawber, we patiently waited ‘for something to turn up.’

The time came. Our soldiers chafed impatiently to be let loose upon the yellow-skins, then within sight. David had been detached as bugler of the advance, the order for which came so suddenly as to surprise him with his guitar in hand. While awaiting the signal to sound the magical blast that was to set the column in motion, he seated himself beneath an umbrageous plantain-clump, unstrung his instrument, and commenced an *adagio* movement. That excited no slight degree of pleasantry among the lookers-on, as the battle had already begun, and stray bits of iron and lead whizzed by their ears. Even the lips of the usually stern commander were constrained to quiver at such a comical conceit of the favorite bugler. It was so funny, thought every body. David played on to suit his own ideas, his imperturbable coolness assisting not a little to compose the ruffled tempers of the gentlemen who desired the overture to give way to the tragedy. He had the call, and until that sounded, the scene could not be shifted.

'Sprili-link-link, oulo-sprink-a link!' twanged the musical hero, as an accompaniment to his voice. Rare fellow! It makes one laugh to think of it now. It was one of the national airs on which the Mexicans about that time were perpetually harping. We had listened to it with a feeling akin to admiration as it faintly floated through the quiet, rarefied atmosphere, across long intervening fields. 'Sprili-link-a-link,' spoke the guitar, as a load of grape-shot whistled by; but that did not in the least cause him to break the time of the performance. Others might grow timorous at such harsh sounds; so did not he. The business was getting to be stupid, as the firing slackened. Something was in the wind, however. A squadron of dragoons was seen coming up the road at a brisk trot; and within a yard or two of the head rode the witch-like Dutch Kate. Whenever that woman appeared, in her close-fitting hussar jacket and but semi-feminine costume, it was a pretty sure sign of a fight. Well, Kate and the dragoons were coming up the road, and mischief was brewing. Just then a heavy gun boomed out in the distance.

'Column, advance!' roared the commander. With a toss, back to its place flew the guitar, and David's bugle rang out the wished-for note. Away went the battalion at a sharp pace, quickened to a half-trot as the excitement warmed the blood; and soon the young surgeons were getting into excellent practice.

'Halt! Prepare to resist cavalry!' The bugler's signal-note made the order intelligible, and it was carried out with alacrity.

Sweeping over the fields of grain came a long line of lancers, with gay pennons fluttering and weapons gleaming. Their dilating eyes apparently projected an inch from the sockets, so wild did they look. Regardless of the streams of fire turned upon them from different field-pieces and detached bodies of troops, they dashed along in gallant style. Our side had no occasion to form square, flanked as the position was by ditches and cactus-hedges. As each man more firmly grasped his musket, planted his feet in the most bracing posture, the mass was like a solid wall in strength. On they came, shrieking, when within pistol-range, like devils incarnate — or, as a facetious fellow used to say, devils in a clarionet — to inspire terror. Those were not the deep-toned

cheers which like volleying thunder were wont to burst from our lads on a charge, but shrill, long-drawn imprecations, contemptible from very profanity. They sat their horses as if part and parcel of the same, and moreover, were well-disciplined. But their battle-cry — pah! Kate could equal any of them.

The front was not to be broken by men with such voices. Not an infantry-man moved, although the froth from the mouths of the foaming steeds, as they reined up suddenly, nearly touched the American bayonets. Such a rude repulse was mortifying. Falling back to renew the attempt at forcing a passage, they were met by a well-directed round which relieved many saddles of riders. Then came off a grand scrub-race. Nothing but the tops of their plumes and the tips of their horses' heels could be distinguished through the pyramid of smoke, as they fled. During the day, the field of action was not unlike a chess-board. There were as many unlooked-for variegations, or uniforms intermingled and scenes dissolved, as if one were looking into a huge kaleidoscope. Artillerymen danced about their hoarse-mouthed batteries, cavalry flew around, and the infantry bounded along the uneven ground, the sheen of their bright arms enlivening the scene; while the riflemen skipped here and there out of sight, until it became a matter of mere surmise as to their whereabouts. By a *coup de main* the day was won, and Victory no longer hovered overhead, but descended plump upon our standards.

What a stirring moment it was when the lads jumped into the ditch, clambered through the mud up the far side, and took the main work! Was it not?

When the wounded had been in a manner provided for, the rolls were called. That was partly for form's sake, and partly to ascertain what portion of the superabundant population had been rubbed out of existence. Hundreds marched gaily into that field, upon whose grave-hillocks the setting sun played. 'Where's David?' No body answered. He was unaccounted for, save by a cabalistic pencil-mark in the orderly-book. It was settled that he had blown his trumpet for the last time. Misfortune's breath had doubtless blown him away. Some one called to mind a glimpse he had caught of the absent musician about an hour before the termination of the conflict. He was then engaged in a sword-combat with a Mexican officer, whom he had unhorsed; but a rising powder-cloud shut them both from view, and it was conceded by the most sanguine that our friend's agility had been overmatched.

The commotion had subsided into comparative quiet, when two of David's admirers set out in quest of him. In some instances, they had to make long leaps to clear the heaps of mangled braves who lay

'Turck as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallambrosa.'

The King of Terrors does not assume his gloomiest guise on the battlefield. No hungry scapegraces are there to shed crocodile tears when a kind old uncle has been called away from his broad acres; no mercenary blubbing attendant, 'flap-mouthed mourner, black and grim,' as heartless as noisily; nor prying strangers, to make the occasion more

doleful because forsooth earth's bosom is to receive a son. The soldier departs unincumbered with real estate, except that small spot occupied by himself; and if perchance he leave nephews, he commends them to Uncle Sam, that dear plundered old gentleman.

To return to the searchers. They passed a lugubrious churchman — his corded waist and sable garb bespoke his calling — who was piously endeavoring to pour consolation into the ear of one of the laity, who was hopelessly wounded. The shriving monk raised his head, and he met the cold stare of glassy eyes. Then he knew that even while he was speaking, the spirit had fled beyond the pale of the church. Scores of upturned faces were scanned without success. David had made himself a conspicuous mark, by playing the troubadour; and all regrets were unavailing.

'Such a pleasant fellow!' quoth one of the searchers. 'I don't think his loss can ever be replaced.'

'No,' sadly returned his companion, 'we'll never again — What's that?' and he severely clutched the arm of the other; 'don't you hear? eh? — do n't you hear — ?'

'R-r-rulo, sprink-a-link!' and the words of '*Vivan los bravos!*' broke upon their astonished hearing. The object of their solicitude and grief! Following the sounds, they found David seated in the midst of a crowd of prisoners-of-war, while with his characteristic *sang froid*, he led the Mexican song of victory! Who ever heard the like? The prisoners were not disheartened by the turn in Fortune's scale, and several joined in the chorus. Their turn might come on the morrow; who could tell? The good-natured Kate had acted as should a brave Amazon, and had seen that a plentiful supply of provisions was served out to the unwilling guests. With their mouths full of bread and mouldy cheese, they sang:

'*Vivan los bravos!*'

Well, what of it? 'The soldier, on earth, has no lasting abode,' he thought, 'so let him be jolly!'

W. H. BROWNE.

C H A R I T Y .

We always should be slow to speak
Of faults we in a neighbor see;
We too are erring, blind, and weak —
Perhaps we're even *worse* than he.

Each heart has some besetting sin,
Each one some bad propensity;
Turn, then, our view on faults *within*,
That others' faults we may not see.

So scandal shall to friendship change,
And pride become humility;
Strife shall no more our hearts estrange:
Our lives be crowned with Charity.

Syracuse, (N. Y.)

J. B. B.

H O P E E V E R ! T O I L E V E R !

BY JENNY MARSH.

Oh! the years that are behind me!
Oh! the few that are to come!
Oh! the seed-time I have wasted,
And the labor left undone!

Let me think now of the future:
Of the present, how to be,
That each word and act shall rivet
One bright link in destiny.

Let me steal from 'neath the shadows
That the past flings o'er my heart;
Let me mingle now with toiling
Yet with gladness in Life's mart!

GRIEF, begone! a brow o'ershadowed
God ne'er willed for me to wear:
Let the sun-shine He hath sent me,
Ever wreath its halo there!

Tears are meet to make me worthy
Of the blessings He hath given;
But shall sorrow dim my vision,
So that earth shall yield no heaven?

Shall the beauties God hath pencilled
On the meadow, sky, and sea,
Wear no glory, since in mercy
He hath taken one from me?

Taken her, the hope-browed maiden,
Whose light step vied with the fawn,
And whose presence made my spirit
Ever like the dewy dawn?

Shall I chide the stars for dimness,
Since I meet her eyes no more?
Shall I call the wide world dreary,
Wishing that the strife were o'er?

God forbid! but let me thank Him,
Though my smile break through a tear,
That He grants me yet his blessings,
And His love, to give me cheer.

Let my voice o'er gush with gladness,
While there's left a praise to sing
Of the Heaven that bends o'er me,
Of my FATHER, SAVIOUR, KING!

Rochester, (N. Y.)

The Fudge Papers:

BEING THE OBSERVATIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD OF DIVERS MEMBERS OF
THE FUDGE FAMILY.

—
RENDERED INTO WRITING BY TONY FUDGE.
—

CHAPTER THIRTY-THIRD.

G U E R L I N V E R S U S Q U I D .

'A LIAR begins with making falsehood appear like truth, and ends with making truth itself appear like falsehood.'

SHENSTONE.

THE GUERLIN, meantime, pushes her claims with vigor. She has secured a very proper and business-like attorney. His name is BRAZITT. He is well known about town for a somewhat shabby dress of black, and for the great fervor and success with which he pushes on a dinner, or a suit, or an election. He is a man who knows the people 'about the courts;' who has always a friend in the newspaper service; who is posted up in the Cuban business; who is very sly; who does n't want office for himself, but who gets offices for other people.

He does n't live showily, but receives large fees; he is a capital lobby-member, and is frequently at Albany during a session — making a judicious distribution of champagne at dinner. He occasionally finds his way to the inner rooms of editors; sometimes putting his hand to an article, for which he receives no pay. In short, he is a progressive, energetic, well-informed, rapid, cautious, social, self-made, successful man.

There is a Mrs. BRAZITT; this, however, does not concern the FUDGES; nor — very much — the attorney.

Mr. BRAZITT not only takes up the cause of the GUERLIN, which bids fair to become a conspicuous one, but he befriends her. A romantic sketch of her life, and trials, and expectations, suddenly appears one Saturday morning, in the *Herald*. The affair is talked of. A pictorial paper has gained permission (from BRAZITT) to engrave a wood-cut likeness of the Countess. The PINKERTONS, it is understood, have asked her to pass a day at their 'fine place' in the country. The SPINDLES arrange a *tableau-vivant*, in the course of which an episode in the life of the Countess is represented, and the Countess weeps.

Sympathy takes a strong flow in her favor: 'nice people' speak harshly of young QUID. It appears (from newspaper paragraphs) that the Countess has the best cause in the world. A kind of Kossuth admiration possesses people. It is needless to say that Mr. BRAZITT is a man who admires and encourages this feeling.

He has no special admiration for titles, it is true; he does n't care for titles a straw: he dislikes titles: but was it the poor lady's fault?

She came from a country where such titles were respectable ; he might even say, desirable. Was he to shut his doors upon her ?

She had lived a life of hardships — of great adventure ; she had found accidentally, in a distinguished young townsman, (Mrs. FUDGE bought thirteen copies of the newspaper in which this mention occurred,) a friend and a relative ; she discovered through him traces of her mother's family ; she found her ties upon society multiplied ; she had come to claim and to enjoy her own.

Mr. QUID, indeed, was not a little troubled by the spirited manner in which the new claim was brought forward. Upon careful examination, he found considerable difficulty in securing proof of his having married his own wife ! It is always an awkward thing to be driven to the search of such proof ; it is still more awkward — not to find it.

The papers of the Countess were certainly of a strong character ; there was abundant evidence to show that her parent, if not the widow of the unfortunate elder branch of the BODGERS, was certainly very intimately allied with that widow. The Countess, moreover, was possessed of abundance of tender letters, from the Monsieur de GUERLIN, who had subsequently married the widow, in which that kind-hearted gentleman speaks pathetically of the lasting affection he entertains for her mother, and of his firm determination to regard her child as his own.

In short, it is alleged, on the part of the vigorous adviser of the Countess, that the late Mrs. QUID was nothing more than the daughter of the nurse or *femme de chambre* of the proper BODGERS widow ; who, in virtue of this connection, became possessed of the family secrets, letters, etc., and finally assumed the name of her lady-patroness.

This representation was so well based as to occasion, as I have already said, infinite annoyance to Mr. QUID : and even if the GUERLIN claim did not prove altogether sound, it certainly appeared to the discerning eye of Mr. BRAZITT to possess sufficient force and plausibility to warrant prosecution ; and to insure the levy of some round sum, in way of compromise, from the timorous defendant.

Mr. QUID, however, was not idle. His son's character in the fashionable world was at stake ; there were hints of his having been already black-balled in an up-town club, by reason of the low and disagreeable suspicions cast upon his parentage. Mr. QUID senior had a friend in Paris, who has already been once or twice brought to notice. I allude to Mr. JENKINS, the father of Miss JENKINS, who had carried his fortune and his daughter to the French capital, in the hope of achieving an agreeable social eminence. A full purse, a pretty daughter, frequent suppers, with a passable knowledge of French, are, I am told, pretty sure to secure the companionship of a considerable bevy of middle-aged Parisian gentlemen, well-informed, single, and 'distinguished.'

To Mr. JENKINS, Mr. QUID made application ; setting forth the embarrassments of his position ; directing him to the proper quarter to secure evidences of his marriage, to be forwarded per mail ; and begging him farther to give such information as could be relied upon in regard to the character and history of a certain Countess de GUERLIN, one time of the Rue de Helder, and more recently embarked with Mr. WASHINGTON FUDGE, at the port of Havre, *en route* for New-York.

Nor is this the only precautionary measure of Mr. QUID. He feels that the question of parentage of stray European ladies at the German spas and elsewhere is a very delicate one, not susceptible always of legal tracery. As a young man, he was not scrupulous on those points. Events might show that he was less so than a cautious man should be. To tell truth, he did not feel positive assurance that his wife may have been altogether what she pretended to be. The GUERLIN affair, unexpected as it was, might prove a very awkward one.

In such event, his hope lay in ADOLPHE. He therefore spurred on his son to increased vigilance. He begged him to make a 'dashing campaign.' He took a romantic interest in his excursions and in his reports. He even ventured into a visit of *reconnaissance* on his own part to the quiet village of Newtown. He was charmed with the agreeable and conciliating manners of the old lady, Mrs. FLEMING, who put on her best cap to do honor to the distinguished visitor. She talked of ADOLPHE with a motherly affection, and dropped hints about the attachment of the young people, in a way that quite charmed and satisfied Mr. QUID. Even KITTY herself, mindful perhaps only that the old gentleman had been kind in extending to them a home, was full of her little tokens of respect and gratitude, and to the chance inuendoes of the admiring father, she lent such pretty and easy-coming blushes as fairly captivated the old man.

Mrs. FLEMING was satisfied, in her own mind, that he had come for no other purpose than to ask the hand of KITTY for ADOLPHE; and she had an answer prepared — arranged in her mind since the time she caught the first glimpse of Mr. QUID through the curtains of her chamber-window. And KITTY, in virtue of her mother's winks and smiles, had a fear that the affair of ADOLPHE might become very soon one of serious question and answer: but she, even yet, blush as she might, had no answer ready.

Howbeit, the old gentleman was in capital humor (as he had abundant reason to be) with the present aspect of affairs. The chances of ADOLPHUS appeared good. It seemed plain that the property in any event would revert to the QUID name; and even supposing his own possession established, in opposition to the GUERLIN claim, the most graceful gift that he could confer upon his pretty daughter-in-law would be (he thought) her own rights. He even allowed himself, in a cheerful vein, to paint the delicate and fatherly manner in which he would perform that service; the blushes of the bride, the wild enthusiasm of his son, the admiration of society, and the confusion of both BLIMMER and the Countess. Not for many days—I might even say weeks—had there passed a happier body down through the walk which is skirted with hollyhock blossoms all the way from the BODGERS' door to the gate, than passed that day in the person of Mr. QUID senior.

But it occurred to this gentleman, when the gate was closed upon him, and his pleasant imaginative burst had subsided, that to secure this pleasant diversion of the BODGERS property, to the pretty prospective bride of ADOLPHUS, it would be essential to keep a sharp look-out for the preservation and the proving of the will, now in the hands of Mr. BLIMMER. Heretofore indeed, up to the date when the GUERLIN

first made her appearance, and before he had gained his present satisfied state of feeling in respect to the gallant advances of ADOLPHUS, he had looked upon the paper in the possession of Mr. BLIMMER with an evil eye. At present, however, he felt a peculiar regard for that document. He was anxious to arrange preliminaries by which it might be gracefully and naturally brought into notice.

With this view, he determined to pay a friendly visit at the office of Mr. BIVINS the attorney.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR.

MR. BIVINS MAKES A DISCOVERY.

THIS chapter deals with such a variety of circumstances, that I can find no proper motto to set before it.

AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.

WHAT could Mrs. DYKE mean, by saying that 'the QUIDS had no right to the property, and she could prove it?' Good Mrs. FLEMING wondered; wondered very much; wondered so much, that on a certain morning, when KITTY was busy with her buzzing choir, she slipped on her black widow's bonnet, set off with crimped tabs, and sallied across to the office of 'Squire BIVINS, for the sake of informing him, confidentially, of her wonder as to what Mrs. DYKE could mean.

Mr. BIVINS, in confidence, wondered too.

Mrs. FLEMING wondered *what* Mr. BIVINS wondered at?

Mr. BIVINS wondered what Mrs. DYKE could mean.

Thereupon Mrs. FLEMING wondered if there was any thing in it?

Mr. BIVINS wondered too.

Mrs. FLEMING then wanted to know if *he* thought there was any thing in it?

Mr. BIVINS thought there *might* be.

'Squire BIVINS has the reputation, among the people of Newtown, of being 'as smart as a steel-trap.' He certainly *is* keen; and even though he had a less keen pair of eyes, his sharp daughter MEHITABEL would not have failed to inform him of what was going on between the little school-mistress of the old BODGERS house, and the dashing ADOLPHUS QUID.

This matter has not a little surprised the 'Squire; he has reflected upon it profoundly: his demand upon the village stock of Virginia twist has been unprecedented. He does not rightly know how to reconcile the earnest addresses of the heir-apparent to the poor girl, (MEHITABEL says far from pretty,) with the indifference he had manifested on their first interview.

He associates with it all, BLIMMER's earnest inquiries, and BLIMMER's negotiations with the QUIDS. Mrs. FLEMING's motherly anxiety about the QUID right of succession is a new phase; and the reported observation of Mrs. DYKE has its weight. Mr. BIVINS pats his wig *very* often. He gives his pantaloons the usual toilet-hitch, (notwithstanding the presence of Mrs. FLEMING,) with nervous frequency.

He derives from that lady, in a cautious manner, a knowledge of the circumstances under which Mrs. DYKE had given expression to her

opinion. He suggests, from his own experience, that the allegation may have been only an amiable womanly fiction, brought forward for the sake of mortifying the pride of Mrs. FLEMING. Mrs. FLEMING, however, indignantly repels that idea, and will not allow that Mrs. DYKE is capable of making a fiction.

'Mortify my pride, indeed!' said Mrs. FLEMING, straightening herself in the office-chair.

'You think, then, she must be truthful?' pursued BIVINS.

'Not in the least, Sir!' said Mrs. FLEMING, with a little temper.

'Pray, madam, what *do* you think, then?' urged the 'Squire, toying with a bit of twist upon the table.

'I think,' said Mrs. FLEMING, with a womanly sort of logic, 'that she is insulting, and that she knows more, perhaps, than she pretends to; and that she has no business in the house at all; and that if QUM has n't a right to the property, who has? and that it is no business of hers, and that if she knows any thing, she should be made to tell it; and that it's all false from beginning to end.'

Mr. BIVINS patted his wig, mildly.

He pacified Mrs. FLEMING by promising to seek an interview with Mrs. DYKE, and to make a searching inquiry: at the same time he recommended to the old lady strict secrecy.

The logical powers of Mrs. DYKE were of much the same standard with those of Mrs. FLEMING. By dint of art, however, and amiable allusion to Mrs. DYKE's great *respectability* of character, Mr. BIVINS succeeded in arriving at an important fact or two, which lay at the bottom of the housekeeper's explosive declaration. It appeared that the old lady, in her household duties, had fallen upon a certain leather-bound memorandum-book of the deceased gentleman, only partly filled up with pencil-writing, and which she had determined to convert to her own private uses. In fumbling over the leaves of the note-book, Mrs. DYKE had only recently come upon one or two stray items, which her quarrel with Mrs. FLEMING had converted into thunder against the QUIDS.

The book was produced before the scrutinizing eye of Mr. BIVINS. The first entry which had attracted the notice of Mrs. DYKE was this: 'Sign my will, have it witnessed.' At the end of this was a little cross in pencil, signifying in the 'Squire's fashion, as the previous pages showed, that the thing was done.

Some leaves farther on, and indeed very near the end of the book, was the following entry:

'MEM.: To ask the 'Squire if one witness to a will is enough: if not—get another.'

There was no pencil-cross after this.

Mr. BIVINS thought Mrs. DYKE had been hasty in her conclusions. Mrs. DYKE thought perhaps she might have been; but 'she did n't like folks to be uppish, as if they were better than every body else; and for her own part, she had no doubt that the 'Squire *did* made a will, and a good one; and that Mr. QUID was n't once thought of, from beginning to end.'

Mr. BIVINS guessed it might be so, but could n't say. He recommended prudence to Mrs. DYKE, and slipped the memorandum-book of the 'Squire in his pocket.

He had the memorandum-book in his pocket when Mr. QUID did him the honor of calling at his office.

Mr. BIVINS received his visitor with even more than his usual courtesy. He took occasion to express his regret that the affair of the BODGERS estate had been somewhat disturbed, and that a new claimant should have appeared in the person of a foreign lady. He hoped things were getting on passably well.

Mr. QUID said they were ; and sneered at the Countess as an impostor who might deceive such people as the FUDGES and BRAZITT ; ' but,' pursued he, ' men like you and I, Mr. BIVINS, who have seen the world, are not so easily taken in.'

' No, to be sure not,' said BIVINS, giving a side cast of his eye to the corner, as if he were looking for some body with whom he might exchange a quiet wink.

' By the way,' said Mr. QUID, ' if I remember rightly, Mr. BIVINS, you spoke on one occasion to my son about having, on a certain occasion, drawn up a will for the late BODGERS.'

' I did,' said the attorney.

' Which was not executed ?'

' Which was not executed — at the time.'

' Oh !'

' Just so !' said Mr. BIVINS in a confirmatory manner, and with an air of attention.

' And, Mr. BIVINS,' pursued his visitor, ' might I — ask if you hear any thing more of that will ?'

' Occasionally,' said Mr. BIVINS, eyeing keenly his visitor.

' You think, perhaps, it is in existence ?' said QUID.

' I should n't greatly wonder if it was,' returned the attorney, speaking in a very slow and measured tone.

' In favor of Miss FLEMING, I believe ?'

' In favor of KITTY FLEMING,' said BIVINS.

' Mr. BIVINS,' said the visitor, with an air of self-denying resignation, ' I feel an interest in that will.'

' Just so,' said the attorney, with an altogether incautious wink.

' You perhaps mistake me, Sir,' said QUID ; ' I am anxious, if the will exists, that it should be made known and proved. I might, it is true be a large loser ; but I have no desire to controvert what may have been the wishes of the late Mr. BODGERS. '*Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*,' is a motto with which perhaps you, Mr. BIVINS, as a legal man, are familiar.'

Mr. BIVINS said he was, and gave the old sympathetic glance to the office-corner.

' I should be happy,' continued the visitor, ' to do all in my power for the recovery of this will, if it exists ; and must beg of you, Mr. BIVINS, to act with the same purpose.'

Mr. BIVINS said he would ; and ventured to ask, in a somewhat sly way, if by chance he, Mr. QUID, had ever possibly heard any mention of such an instrument in other quarters ?

Mr. QUID replied (with a little confusion, it is true) that he had. A third party had on one occasion spoken of it ; indeed, had given him

reason to believe that he had fallen upon some traces of it. He should lose no time in pursuing the inquiries; and if he should succeed in discovering it, he would take great pleasure in placing it in the hands of Mr. BIVINS, as a magistrate, and administrator upon the estate. He would thus satisfy, he said, his sense of justice, beside doing a favor to a very charming young lady.

Mr. QUID took farther occasion to suggest an inquiry, as to whether he might hope for the reimbursement of such sums as had been necessarily expended by him in the defence against foreign claim, in case the will should be brought to light through his efforts?

Mr. BIVINS was not qualified to speak with authority in such a matter, but he thought the gentleman might safely rely upon the generosity of Miss FLEMING.

The two gentleman took leave of each other in a highly amiable manner.

'Squire BIVINS being alone, replaced himself in his corner office-chair, elevated his left foot upon the right knee, (a favorite position of the 'Squire's,) threw his head back upon the top of the chair, (in a way not to derange his wig,) and indulged in a low, humorsome, cackling kind of laugh, expressive of a very high estimate of his own intelligence. He felt that he had probed the matter to the bottom. His reflections were somewhat of this cast:

'QUID is growing shy of the GUERLIN, but thinks her an impostor, which is all very well. He has a strong liking for the BODGERS property: if the GUERLIN should succeed, the testament will upset her claim, and KITTY FLEMING will become the lucky holder of the estate. QUID, therefore, sets on his dashing son to make a capture of Miss KITTY, and meantime keeps the will of Mr. BODGERS in *his own pocket*.'

How far 'Squire BIVINS was right, I leave the reader to judge for himself. It is certain that he is fully possessed of this view of the case; and he forms his plans accordingly. Mrs. FLEMING, he thinks, should be advised of the mercenary nature of Mr. QUID's attentions; and he very safely trusts to the zeal of MEHITABEL to make the same thing known to Miss KITTY.

This accomplished, he trusts to the agency of the law to compel Mr. QUID to produce before Probate the will of the late Mr. BODGERS. Great caution, however, he foresees, will be necessary in effecting this latter movement. Too great eagerness might lead to a destruction of the papers.

And if Mr. BIVINS had been as penetrating in matters affecting female pride, as in the wiles of a bankrupt claimant of a large estate, he would have foreseen great difficulty in his negotiations with the FLEMINGS themselves.

Indeed, Mrs. FLEMING resented indignantly the kind intimation of the 'Squire, in regard to the views of the younger QUID. *She* knew what a young man's attentions were; *she* could see whether they were earnest or not; *she* wanted no instructions about her daughter. Did Mr. BIVINS pretend to suppose that there was nothing to attract a young man about KITTY, except her chance of getting a fortune? It might

be so with *other people's* daughters, but she thanked her stars that it was not so with hers !

I regret to be compelled to write down what 'Squire BIVINS said ; but he did say it : he said, ' D — n it ! '

As for Miss KITTY, the next Sunday, after service, she winced fearfully under the sharp tongue of MEHITABEL, and retaining her composure only long enough to thank that maiden lady for her amiable expression of interest, and to make her escape, she fell afterward into a fit of tears, which, like the good daughter that she was, she hid in the solitude of her own chamber.

As for the influence of Miss BIVINS' communication, I do not think it was any better than that of the 'Squire's to MRS. FLEMING. KITTY grew, indeed, into a sudden charity for the gay-hearted ADOLPHE ; as if some such amiable interest were needed to protect him from the fearful gossip of the village. And when he made his next visit to Newtown, I do believe that the sympathies of both mother and daughter made his chances look far sunnier than they had ever looked before. Nor would it greatly surprise me if my cousin KITTY should have an answer ready, whenever the gallant ADOLPHUS is disposed to press his inquiries.

When a young girl assumes the defence of a suitor against the tongue of scandal, it is my opinion that she is unconsciously weakening her own defences.

Mr. BIVINS' strategy has failed in one direction ; we shall presently see if it succeeds in the other.

T O F A N N I E .

Oh ! my heart is full of sadness,
And my soul is full of woe ;
For they've fled away with FANNIE,
Where I can never go :
For they've ta'en away my FANNIE,
And left me naught but woe.

Oh ! I would I were a zephyr
From the soft and sunny south,
I would play among her tresses,
And linger round her mouth :
I would love to lift her tresses,
And kiss her merry mouth.

I would breathe upon her forehead,
I would whisper in her ear ;
I would fan her throbbing temples,
And dry the scorching tear :
I would cool her throbbing temples,
And dry the faithful tear.

For I know the love she bears me,
And I know she weeps for me ;
And I know she'd fly to meet me,
Were she but fairly free ;
Like the soft and soothing zephyr,
Were FANNIE only free.

M Y R U S T I C F R I E N D .

I.

I HAVE a farmer-friend, whose virtues pure,
Unconscious, have become my cynosure;
Whose love, above the love of other men,
My high ambition and reward hath been.

II.

Where willows bend above the quiet stream,
Sharing with sun alternate shade and beam,
His walk was wont to be; there, hour on hour,
'Sweet SILENCE' guiled him with her pensive power.'

III.

Nor there alone the willing grasses shed
Their morning tears beneath his early tread;
On slopes of green, in meads and cowslip-fells,
He heard fond welcomes from the pasture-bells.

IV.

As, sailing unto Indies frequently,
The pilot knows the currents of the sea,
So knew he all the choicest nooks, and where
To sun himself at noon, in balmiest air.

V.

His home a cottage white, and neat, and small,
In forest grand, of oak and maple tall;
Yet there it was, his nature best to please,
That he might dwell, like birds, amid the trees.

VI.

Sweet soul! may every bud and leaf of Spring
Thrill out for thee a Joy on perfumed wing;
And with each sere and Autumn leaf be shed
A gorgeous blessing on the poet's head!

VII.

He sat, serene and pure, at NATURE's feet,
As child sits at its mother's — posture sweet;
And, looking fondly up with faith and love,
Compels approval from the EYE above.

VIII.

True was his heart, and faithful to the RIGHT;
His faith was ardent, and his hope was bright;
He loved the skies above and earth he trod;
His Mother NATURE, and his Father, God.

IX.

Wouldst see his riches? — for they're all untold —
Go, ask of him his gems and heaps of gold:

He points you, smiling, to his garden-bowers —
 'Yes! yes! thank HIM, I'm rich! — I'm rich in flowers!'

X.

I know not how it was, but so it seemed,
 That lavish HEAVEN on his young soul gleamed;
 A sun-rise of true poetry; so high
 On FANCY'S plume his mind was wont to fly.

XI.

Seer-like, with eye of fire, would he upstart,
 And from dull earth and sense dwell long apart;
 Till some bird's note, sudden and clear, would rise,
 Or leaf would fall, and snatch him from the skies.

XII.

To him no gift of utterance was given:
 He saw, but sang not of the opened heaven:
 Himself a poem, filled with thought sublime,
 His days were verses, and his actions rhyme.

XIII.

Yet deem him not ideal and of air:
 He *lives*; and under his strong hand and care,
 Gay fields of golden grain and ripened corn
 Await the sickle's edge on harvest morn.

XIV.

The song of larks, out-warbled from the blue,
 The blast of barn-yard warder, tried and true,
 The bleat of lamb, far-wandered on the hill,
 The rush of waters at the great-wheeled mill:

XV.

These, and all music of the morning hour,
 Filled his rapt soul with deep poetic power;
 But none the less they summoned him away,
 The breakfast o'er, to labors of the day.

XVI.

GOD never was forgot. The evening-prayer
 Of wife and blue-eyed child ascended there:
 Sweet Sabbaths saw a gentle train, betimes,
 Obey the summons of the village-chimes.

XVII.

And in *all* seasons of the day and night,
 He saw his GOD, and 'worshipped him aright.'
 True poet-souls have vision penetrant,
 And see a GOD in all things militant.

XVIII.

Such is my farmer-friend; whose soul so pure,
 Unconscious has become my cynosure;
 Whose love, above the love of other men,
 My high ambition and reward hath been.

Pittsburgh, May, 1854.

L A U G H T E R .

BEFORE setting sail upon a serious dissertation concerning so mirthful a subject, it may perhaps be well to ballast our bark with a definition, so that amid the cross-winds which may blow over our mind we may have that which shall impart a steadfastness of purpose to our vessel, and thus enable us to steer clear of all digression, and to reach our haven, though drenched and battered by the voyage, yet not altogether a *caput mortuum*.

But now the task we have set before us assumes a magnitude. Laughter being (in one sense) a child of wit is, by a natural consequence of its paternity, next to indefinable. But do not therefore, dear reader, give vent to any risible emotions which our undertaking may excite, and anticipate us in our humble effort to enlighten you; but be sober, discreet, and let us believe that, though our subject is the commonest occurrence of daily life, you have given little or no attention to it.

Our lexicographers, with their usual perspicuity, have with a round of words disposed of it. Walker defines Laughter, 'Convulsive merriment: an inarticulate expression of sudden joy.' Webster calls it 'An expression of mirth peculiar to man, consisting in a peculiar noise and configuration of the features, with a shaking of the sides and expulsion of the breath.' According to an old author it is 'An abundance of pleasant vapors which break from the heart and tickle the midriff, by which titillation the sense being moved and arteries distended or pulled, the spirits from thence move and pass the sides, veins, countenance, eyes;' an elucidation which modern physiologists would probably not much affect. Laughter, according to Steele, is 'a vent of any sudden joy which strikes upon the mind; which, being too volatile and strong, breaks out in this tremor of the voice.' He also calls it 'The visible symptom of inward satisfaction.' However, the gravest authority which we have upon this laughable matter is undoubtedly Hobbes. He says, 'The passion of laughter is nothing else but sudden glory arising from some sudden conception of some eminence in ourselves, by comparison with the infirmities of others, or with our own formerly; for men laugh at the follies of themselves past, when they come suddenly to remembrance, except they bring with them any present dishonor.' Addison has pinned his faith upon this last definition, while Dr. Campbell, in his 'Philosophy of Rhetoric,' has entirely overthrown it, but without being able to advance a better. For our own part we give credit to all of the foregoing, as each one in its turn defining a species of laughter, but all failing to convey a general idea of the subject. One objection which we would advance, among others, is that they do not sufficiently recognize the power of laughter. By laughter is not alone meant that hilarious cachinnation which bursts upon the ears, but also that tickling of the midriff, and that trembling of the air in the throat which the person moved by genuine laughter may vainly endeavor to repress, and may completely hide behind a solemn countenance. To restrain it is like binding up the winds in a sack. Nay, so great was its power that

the ancients erected temples to the god of laughter, and propitiated the divinity with ceremonies of jovialty and mirth; an account of one of the festivities being given by Apuleius, in his 'Metamorphoses.' As for ourself, we are inclined to define laughter to be an involuntary expression of gladness or mirth conceived within a person through sight, hearing, or thought; of something being in itself or by comparison with other things, either pleasant, joyful, grotesque, odd, small, mean, or ridiculous. We venture this with all modesty, assuring our reader that we do not intend to force him to put faith in what we have said. Nay, we will be generous; and here we *do* give him liberty to cull from our garland of definitions any flower he may choose; while at the same time we will be bold enough to point to our own, desiring him to look at its general texture, and to place the nose of his reason in close proximity, that he may inhale its perfume before deciding which he will place in his button-hole.

Laughter has, properly speaking, four degrees, namely:

FIRST. The smile.

SECOND. The grin.

THIRD. The laugh-proper.

FOURTH. The sardonic, or as it is more commonly called, the horse-laugh.

The smile may be defined, an incipient laugh. It is produced by the very slightest emotion of pleasure or mirth. Thus, two friends meet in the street: the joy occasioned by the sight of loved and familiar features takes this method of expressing itself; while strangers pass and repass without that interchange. Some persons habitually wear a smile. This arises from a heart surcharged with pleasant fancies. Others affect it. The smile is the surname of quite a family. The different members are christened, Lady Greeting Smile; Sir Applausive Smile; Don Defiant Smile; Lord Contemptuous Smile; and Good-Humored Smile, Esq., Gent.

Lady Greeting is possessed of great wealth, and keeps open house, where she is ever most happy to entertain her friends, and her friends' friends. She is a finely-formed lady, with a most winning countenance, engaging manners, and a fine set of teeth, and dresses in the most approved style.

Sir Applausive is now old and gouty, very much given to whims and caprices, and withal a little vain and conceited; yet, on the whole, a very good-intentioned gentleman. He is more sought after and courted than any other member of the family, so much so that he has often been known, after being completely worn out with entertaining his visitors, to compel his little daughter, Encouraging Smile, to receive guests, and excuse his presence on the ground of indisposition. In his testy moods, which are not unfrequent, he has been known to thrust out of doors those whom he had previously welcomed. Still the world seems willing to overlook these rudenesses on account of his other good qualities.

Don Defiant is a large, close-knit, and splendidly-formed gentleman, who in the most quiet times goes armed to the teeth, merely to gratify his weapon-bearing and using propensities. Still, unless provoked, he

is very harmless and agreeable, and is much to be admired for his fearlessness of character and independence of soul. We advise you, dear readers, to cultivate his friendship and esteem; for he will prove a tower of strength to you in dark and trying moments.

Lord Contemptuous Smile (nicknamed Sneer) is the scape-grace of the family, although he has risen to some distinction and acquired considerable power. His chief aim is to pull down those placed above him, and with the aid of Envy, his inseparable coadjutor, he has been quite successful. Especially when he has prevailed upon Detraction to assist him, victory has been certain.

Good-Humored Smile, Esq., Gent., is a country gentleman enjoying a large estate. He has a hearty welcome for every one, keeps horses, hounds, is fond of hunting, of cheerful disposition, and makes those around him happy. He believes there is a bright side on every thing black, and imagines that he sees it. He is an inveterate joker, and has considerable reputation as a wit in the country about him.

The Smile family, taken together, is perhaps the most powerful of all the branches of the house of Laughter. Its influence also is easily obtained by any person, as the various members of it are never so happy as when engaged in displaying their wealth and power.

Having thus viewed the whole portrait-gallery of this family, let us proceed to the second division of our subject, which is

The grin. This, in its widest acceptation, is denominated the broad grin. It is a smile deepening into a laugh-proper without sufficient cause; and for this reason it gives to the wearer a silly look, plainly showing that there exists no commensurate internal satisfaction. In fact, let a grin be closely scanned, in good earnest, by a person that can withstand its peculiarly powerful contagion, and he will be impressed with a sense of pain. The smile, adequately provoked, has like a fair stream overflowed its banks, and spread over a large field, and become a dead, shallow pool. It might have become a laugh had not its source dried up. It cannot return into the gentle and becoming smile. A grin it has become, a grin it must remain. It can be of no use to a person unless for the purpose of displaying a fine set of teeth; but in such cases let the wearer be wary, lest his effort be nothing more than an extended smile, giving him an air of affectation, which sits with less grace upon the visage than a veritable grin. This species of laughter is common to fops, boors, monies, hyenas, and animals of that ilk; the two latter being unable to divest themselves of that peculiar configuration of the features.

Between the grin and the laugh-proper may be found the Snicker and Giggle. These may be defined grins which, having received some new impulse, or which happily have strengthened themselves with a new conceit, intrude upon the domains of Laughter, and trick themselves out in a garb much resembling his which, however, fails to conceal their pretensions, since they expire in attempting a garment that operates on them as a poisoned shirt. They are peculiar to school-boys and girls. Perhaps the most offensive form in which merriment expresses itself is that of the female giggle; while its most beautiful manifestation is in the smile of woman.

We now come to the laugh ; the genuine hearty laugh ; the property of man alone ; at once his pride and his darling — like his speech, his reason, and his tears, denied to all inferior forms of existence. What it is, why it is, whence it is, we cannot determine. It is mostly the overflowing and the music of good-nature ; the ‘chorus of conversation,’ as an essayist hath it — the only physician which can ‘minister to a mind diseased.’ ‘T is a charm, a joy, a glory ! The more we contemplate it the more are we impressed with its beneficent properties. It seizes upon our senses and bears us onward with a wild rapture ! Even while attempting a grave discourse upon it, we are winging out into the regions of fancy. Why it is let those learned in the construction of that being so wonderfully and fearfully made, say. Why an inward conception of pleasure or mirth should cause the midriff to flutter like a pump-valve, and force from our lungs the air necessary to respiration, prostrating us temporarily as completely as a raging fever, is a marvel past all finding out. Nay, so great a mystery hath laughter been to the world, and so highly hath it been esteemed, that the ancients believed their deities were possessed of this passion, and defined the laughter of the gods to be the exuberant energy in the universe, and the cause of the gladness of all mundane natures ; and this energy being never failing, the laughter of the gods was said by Homer to be unextinguished. And as the laughter of the old divinities conferred glory and beauty upon the earth, so that of man throws around his fellows joy and happiness. And as in water face answereth to face, so among mortals laughter answereth to laughter. It cannot spring from a heart replete with sorrow, nor from a conscience filled with bitter reflections. The sick cannot laugh. We remember, just recovering from the prostration of a bilious fever, to have taken up Horace Smith’s ‘Pic-Nic.’ We had not read but a portion when it became necessary, from actual pain, to close the book ; our powers being too small to give adequate expression to our mirth. To sum it all up, in order that a person may enjoy a genuine laugh, he must be in good health, free from all cares and disquietudes both of mind and body, otherwise he can only as it were snuff the savory smell of the feast.

The sardonic laugh was so denominated from a belief that a spasmodic affection of the muscles of the face which gave it a horrible appearance of laughter, was produced by eating the *herba sardonica*, a species of ranunculus that grows in Sardinia. This appearance of the features often occurs in *tetanus*, or locked-jaw, and other convulsive affections. The horse-laugh, as it is more commonly called, is a genuine smile, grin, or laugh-proper, with an affected cackinnation super-added, accompanied with contortions of the countenance. It is a mistake to give every boisterous laugh the *equine* prefix. This species is but little used, except by men known as blusterers and bar-room politicians ; by whom it is used to supply the place of argument, or as a mantle for discomfiture. Men of education and refinement are never heard to give vent to it. The reason of its vulgar appellation doubtless is, that in order to give it expression the mouth must be opened to its utmost extent, so as to display the teeth, throat, and palate ; thus giv-

ing to its possessor very much the look which we might imagine a horse would assume in attempting to smile.

Having thus taken a brief and particular view of the various divisions of our subject, we will now proceed to treat upon it generally.

The salutary and sanitary effects of laughter upon the human system have long been proverbial. It assists digestion, promotes the secretions, expands the lungs, and stirs and hastens the lagging blood. The whole legion of pulmonary affections flee before laughter, as chaff before the fan of the husbandman. Ye who pepsin, pills, and oxygenated-bitters, and the whole rank and file of patent-medicines have called unto your aid ; who, having cast out whole colleges of physicians, groan in unalleviated anguish — ho ! all ye dyspeptics ! ‘ throw physic to the dogs.’ Laugh ! laugh ! and pleasant days shall return, made glorious with smoking dinners ; and peaceful nights, sweetened with blissful slumber, shall shower their blessings upon you. Better for you is a volume of the KNICKERBOCKER than seas of medicated liquids, or a night at Burton’s than continents of pills. Laughter is also a relief against choking. However complete the strangulation may be, if the person’s risibilities can be provoked, so forcible will be the expulsion of breath that the offending food or other article fixed in the throat will be either expelled therefrom, or the sufferer in regaining it will be compelled to swallow the cause of his pain. It also gives strength and tone to the system. Let physicians vaunt their specifics and quacks bawl their nostrums ; give us, as an antidote to the ills the flesh is heir to, laughter, sweet and genuine laughter ; laughter coming from the heart ; and calomel, jalap, and rhubarb, sarsaparillas, panaceas, and certain cures shall no more enter into our system to wage war with nature and her mysterious ways and convert us into stalking gallipots. To those unaccustomed to this prescription, it may at first prove a nausea ; but rest assured perseverance will conquer your qualms, custom make it pleasant, and use repay you with robust health. But laughter, beside being a curative, is also a preventive ; and those given to it are blessed with an exuberant energy of the bodily functions, insomuch that corpulence is always ascribed to it, and ‘ laugh and grow fat ’ is a proverb.

But far beyond and exceeding all this, it can

‘ MINISTER to a mind diseased ;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow ;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain ;’

and as

‘ A SWEET oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of the perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart ;’

and therein is its high office. Ye upon whom misfortune lowers its horrid front, whom summer-friends leave cheerless in the winter of the soul, it is to you that laughter is given, a comforter and a blessing. Cherish it. Look abroad through the world, you shall find that which in your deepest affliction shall bid you smile. Summon up your spirits and smile ; and, as after the drop comes the shower, so shall laughter come upon you with healing in its wings. Laugh, and Fortune shall

smile upon you again ; again will new and better friends rally around you ; all nature shall laugh with you, and over the clouds and darkness of the future the radiant bow of Hope shall bend.

Our subject is also an index of character. As a tree is known by its fruits, so is a man known by his laugh. That of the cold and formal is cold and formal ; of the blusterer, fierce and boisterous ; of the selfish, heartless and chary ; of the hypocrite, hollow ; and so on through the whole category of man. We can trick ourselves out in no plumage which shall hide or disguise our native organization, while there remains within us one flutter of genuine laughter. It strips us of all circumspection, takes from us all restraint, levels all the walls which custom and the thousand things of earth have built around us, and displays us to mankind in the perfect nudity of our character. He who will study laughter with a view of acquainting himself with the idiosyncrasies of his fellows will find himself in a short time amply repaid for his application, and can rest assured that the opinions which he forms are free from error ; for men abandon themselves to nature when they surrender their minds up to laughter. We recollect to have seen somewhere an illustration of various kinds of laughter after this fashion : Ha ! ha ! is the expression employed by gentlemen ; he ! he ! that by women and children ; hi ! hi ! by the old ; ho ! ho ! by the boorish and uncivilized. The horse-laugh might after the same manner be exemplified by He-augh ! or Whaw-haugh. It were possible to proceed and illustrate every audible laughter ; but as we have already exceeded the limits we had originally assigned ourself we forbear. The consonants made use of may be briefly stated to be, H principally, and occasionally K, Y, and WH.

Let us now take a cursory glance at men as affected by laughter. They may be divided as follows :

FIRST. Those who laugh without cause.

SECOND. Those who laugh without sufficient cause.

THIRD. Those who *do* laugh.

FOURTH. Those who laugh only on good grounds.

FIFTH. Those who never laugh.

Under the first division we may class indifferently idiots, lunatics, persons demented, weak, and simple. Such having none or but little mind are incapable of suffering from a temporary sadness, much less from a settled sorrow ; and being so constituted that their greatest happiness cannot exceed mere content, and that content being theirs, their features are always distorted by the grin.

Those who laugh without sufficient cause are perhaps the most numerous of all our divisions. They are of those hearty, good-natured, lazy folks, who ' can't help it ; ' who laugh in season and out of season, and believe every cloud has a silver lining. Such persons have a quick perception of the mirthful and ridiculous. Doctor Johnson denominated them ' The Laughers,' and said to Boswell, that a man should pass a part of his time with them, by which means any thing ridiculous or particular about him might be presented to his mind and corrected. This remark of the literary *elephant* suggests an idea here which, though out of place, we must insert ; and that is, as Socrates used the mirror for the purpose

of improvement in moral culture, so a man should use laughter for advancement in intellectual training.

Of those who *do* laugh, little need be said, except that they form that band of choice spirits without whom the world were little better than a wilderness. Whatever joys society affords, whatever beauties nature presents, whatever offerings genius hath laid upon the altar of the heart, had been unappreciated and lost but for them. They are the salt of the earth.

Those who laugh only upon good grounds are, thank Heaven, but few. Beware, reader mine, if thou shouldst chance to deal with them. They are sly and unscrupulous; regarding truth as a cloak to lay off and put on at pleasure. When they are moved to mirth they express it constrainedly, holding on to their laugh, as it were, with their teeth. You may know such men by their long, gaunt forms, hollow cheeks, heavy beard, wiry hair, and beetling eye-brows. Shakspeare has painted in Cassius one of those persons:

‘SELDOM he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at any thing.’

Those who never laugh! Yes, there are such, ice-bergs which having broken from the polar seas float down into the warm and balmy ocean of life, light, and rapture — lonesome and loathsome forms, rearing their dark fronts amid the summer isles, unloved and loving none. By slightly changing the words of the great master we shall have their character:

‘THE man that hath no *laughter* in himself
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.’

But, thanks to a generous PROVIDENCE, such persons are rarely found. Make no compact with such; shun them as you would a leper. The king who never smiled again after the ‘Royal George’ went down, died of a surfeit on lampreys; and it is of such stuff these non-laughers are made. The finer feelings of humanity are swallowed up in their darker and baser passions. ‘Whip me such stoics, great GOVERNOR of Nature!’

Finally, laughter must be considered as one of the greatest of earthly blessings. It is the sun-shine of humanity that brightens and vivifies the pathway of life. Sarah of old said, ‘God made me to laugh, so that all that hear will laugh with me.’ Yes, divine PROVIDENCE made us all to laugh, to cheer one another through the troubles and adversities of this world, and to fill each others’ hearts with gladness and rejoicing. Let us then one and all cultivate this goodly gift to man; and so shall extend the empire of peace and good-will, till warm hearts and beaming countenances shall gladden and illumine the dreariest and remotest regions of earth.

We purpose at some future time to consider our subject more extensively; intending to show when and where it is proper to laugh, at

what we should laugh, how we should laugh, and how and by what means laughter may be cultivated ; and also to expose certain audible and inaudible expressions which have taken to themselves the name of laughter to merited contempt and ridicule. If, in this brief essay, we have helped to while away a few idle moments, and have not impressed you unfavorably with our subject, then have we not written in vain ; we are content.

And now, dear reader, join with us in a good round laugh — Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! — and so good-bye.

CLAUDE HALCRO.

I T A S K A L A K E .

THE SOURCE OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

THE Mississippi has its source in Itaska Lake, in Minnesota, a beautiful sheet of water about eight miles in extent, and elevated one thousand six hundred feet above the Mexican Gulf, and distant from it nearly three thousand miles. Where it issues from the lake, the river is sixteen feet wide, very transparent, with a swift current.

FAR hidden in the wilderness,
Itaska Lake in beauty rests :
As if its crystal face to bless,
Old oaks around its cradle press,
And nod their plummy crests.
And when red AUTUMN stains the year,
In princely garments they uprear ;
They droop above the limpid tide,
Their banners deep in scarlet dyed,
As warders grim their vigils keep,
To guard an infant monarch's sleep,
Some royal couch beside.

The cone-shaped cedar, spire-like yew,
And spectral hemlock rise around,
And yearly by that lake renew
The wreaths wherewith their brows are crowned.
From tree to tree the mighty vines,
Like twisting serpents, cast their fold,
And each in autumn-time entwines
Those tree-tops with a coil of gold.

Sweet flowers of rarest hue and scent,
All round in radiant pomp are blent ;
Down the moist meadow-land,
Where through the flowery greensward creeps the brook,
Sweet-smelling blooms their odorous leaves expand,
In every bowery nook ;
The golden-berried wax-work weaves its wreath
Of verdure ; and the clematis
Shoots its soft fibres the thick boughs beneath ;
And oft the South-Wind stoops to kiss
The modest snow-drop in the grass.
O'er the clear stream the gaudy mosses lean,
To see reflected in that lucid glass
Their velvet fringes and their festoons green.

And here, by gelid font and icy pool,
The Great Stream first begins its way,
Where Otter-tail its waters cool
Pours out, and Winnepeg smiles gay.
Far up that lone and unknown realm,
By thousand sparkling lakes inlaid,
Few, save the Indian, guide the helm,
Or ply the flashing blade.
By lone St. Croix and Crow-Wing blue,
The hunter's smoking camp is seen,
Or twinkle of his birch canoe,
From isle to islet green.

Itaska! o'er thy clear expanse
The white swan loves to lead her brood;
The wild-geese' pinions o'er thee glance;
The wood-duck haunts thy wood;
And oft at golden shut of day,
The wild stag, in thy curving bay,
Sports with the dappled roe,
Or, plunging in thy crystal tide,
With branching horn, and tawny hide,
In pearly showers he scattereth wide
Thy current's peaceful flow.

And Indian damsels there are seen;
The Chippeways, with fawn-like tread,
Who come the juicy rice to glean,
Or plums and berries ripe and red.
And when the frosty winter blows,
The Sioux maiden plies her sledge,
Or skims with snow-shoes o'er the snows,
Or hews her fagots from the hedge.

Grand stream! majestic in thy vast career!
I marvel much this puny stream
The bounding antelope might clear,
This lake, resplendent as a dream,
Whose crystal round the eagle's wing
Might circle in one swooping ring,
Should be thy source, the infant tide
From whence thy veins are first supplied!

Vast stream! with wonder I pursue
Thy rolling tide's eternal flow
From these clear lakes of heavenly blue,
To where the Mexic billows flow,
Rolling for ever! Through dark woods,
Whose vaulted depths no step invades;
By craggy rocks, wild solitudes,
Where silence reigns in pallid shades;
By frontier fort and border town,
By squatter's cabin, rough and brown,
By flowering prairies, by the fires
That flash back from the cities' spires,
Until I lose thee in the sullen roar,
Where the Caribbean beats the yellow shore.

ISAAC MACLELLAN.

LETTERS FROM POPLAR-HILL.

LETTER EIGHTH.

Poplar-Hill, November, 18—

DEAR EMILY: Your little note Harold brought me yesterday. I am sorry you are going away from home, and for so long a time. I earnestly hope that the bond of affection between us may not by this separation be weakened. Although I do not often see you, it is a comfort to write and know that I will be appreciated and understood: increased distance between us cannot deprive me of this enjoyment. I dread the long winter that has already begun, for I fear I must lose Henry, also. He often says he must not waste his energies at home; but Poplar-Hill is dearer to him than he fancied: he cannot bear to leave it.

Did Harold tell you how I treated him yesterday? I was vexed with myself, but I was dreadfully aggravated. Early in the morning, I was sitting in the parlor by the window, looking over a new book. The shutters were only open to admit a few rays of light, and the rest of the room was dark and cheerless. After a while, father came on the piazza, and sat down directly before the window. By-and-by, I heard steps too, and mother's voice in a surprised tone.

'What! are *you* here?' she said to him; 'do n't you feel cold?'

Father said he did not; the wind was piercing, but the sun warmed him. 'Won't you sit down?' he added, good-naturedly.

'I'm almost afraid; my shawl is not very thick,' she returned; then I heard her draw a chair beside him, and sit down.

They talked some time on indifferent subjects. I paid no attention, for I could not always hear father's voice, he spoke so low: mother's was pitched higher than usual. The wind, plaintively sobbing among the trees, and the dry leaves pitilessly pursuing each other across the gravel-walk, did not drown the sound of horse's hoofs on the road. We all listened, with widely different sensations.

'Who is it?' father asked.

'I do n't know who it is,' said mother, 'he passed down the river-road.'

There was a moment's silence; then she added:

'I thought it was Harold Monteath; he comes here very often. Does he intend to marry Bertha?'

My book dropped from my lap, and I breathlessly listened.

'I do not know,' my father answered; 'Bertha is too young to be married.'

'She is over eighteen,' said mother; 'she seems to be very fond of him.'

Father moved his chair uneasily, and I wished unutterable things. 'I never remarked it,' he said; 'I never thought she cared for him, except as Emily's brother.'

'From appearances, I should think they were to be married imme-

diately. Night before last, he was here until eleven o'clock. You had better ask what his intentions are.'

Father answered, but his voice had fallen to a whisper, and I could not distinguish his reply. I did not care to hear more. I laid down the book, crossed the parlor, closed the door noiselessly behind me. There was no one in my room. I was so thankful. I sat down and strove to compose my agitated nerves. I had seemed to be fond of Harold Monteath! *my* actions had expressed an affection for him! Oh! subtle insinuation! was it true? I could recall many instances when I had evinced a friendly feeling; perhaps conscience accused me of deeper emotions. And my father was to inquire his intentions! It was too much!

When Harold came in the evening, I could not meet him as usual. I knew that my manner was constrained and that he noticed it. I never passed so uncomfortable an evening. Mother was in the room, sitting in one corner, and without taking part in the conversation, listened, I thought scornfully, to all that was said.

Harold happened to speak of the increasing trade of Beverley, and mother asked what business occupied him.

'I am with Mr. Langworthy at present,' he answered. 'I was aware of the superior advantages he offered me, and could not conscientiously decline them.'

'Ah! indeed!' said mother, 'you are studying law, then.'

'I have practised law for the last two years in New-York,' Harold said this with a dignity I could not but admire. Henry asked him about Laura Langworthy, and then followed a long dissertation upon beauty and grace, during which mother rose and fastened the parlor-windows. Hearing Harold speak very complimentary of Laura, she asked him why he did not marry her? it was time for him to marry, unless he intended to remain a bachelor all his life.

'Such is not my intention,' said Harold; 'I am young enough yet.'

'We were talking of Bertha this morning,' said mother. 'Mr. Ellicott thinks her too young to marry; what is your opinion, Mr. Monteath?'

Had the floor opened to receive me at that moment, I could not have been too thankful. I dared not look up. Harold's answer came at last: 'I agree with Mr. Ellicott.' Mother laughed to conceal her mortification, and then left us. Some time after, when I met Harold's eyes, he was gazing at me with an expression I could not define. He left us earlier than usual, but he found opportunity to ask me if I disliked to see him at Poplar-Hill. I answered 'No.' Nevertheless, I hope he will not come soon again. I have told Henry what I overheard, and he assures me that father shall not mention it to Harold.

Henry cannot imagine why mother should act so unkindly. The other day, he came up-stairs with Maggie's bonnet and shawl in his hand. 'Maggie,' said he, 'do n't leave your things in the parlor again.'

'Where did you find them — on the floor in the hall?'

'Yes,' he returned, 'I saw mother throw them out of the parlor; has she ever done it before?'

'Frequently. I seldom leave any thing in the parlor, without finding

it on the hall-floor. Once I found my work-basket standing in the dust.'

'Is it possible!' exclaimed Henry; 'why does she act so, Bertha? I can see no object that would induce her to treat you so unkindly.'

'I understand it all. She strives to make our home as uncomfortable as possible, hoping we will leave it, and she have undisputed power here.'

'But *you* never trouble her. It seems to me you are constantly giving her a severe letting-alone.'

'I strive not to interfere with her, and wonder why I should excite so much uncomfortable feeling in her, as she is the head of the establishment, and father has settled the estate on her.'

'He has!' exclaimed Henry.

'Yes,' I replied; 'I heard her say so.'

Henry walked away into the hall, back and forth through the west room. By-and-by he came back, kneeled down by my side, laid his head on my shoulder. 'Bertha, dear,' he began softly, 'you will never doubt my love for you, no matter what happens.' His tone touched me: I folded my arms around him, kissed him again and again.

He went on: 'Through long absence, evil report, every thing that can injure me, you will remember that I loved you and Maggie best in the whole world: that I would do any thing to make you happy.'

I was frightened. 'Please don't talk to me so, Henry!' I said.

'Come here, Maggie,' he said to her, not heeding me. She obeyed, and he folded his other arm around her. 'There are three of us in the wide world, more than orphans, were it not for the love we bear each other. I promise you, Bertha, you and Maggie, that I will live a totally different life. I will be a good man; for I am not deserving of you.'

I could not answer: my tears were falling fast on the dear head reclining on my breast.

'You will remember, Bertha,' he continued, 'that I never had a mother to guide me, and if you hear dreadful things, you will not love me the less.'

I wept violently. Maggie left his side to console me.

'You shall not shed those tears for me,' said Henry, regaining the conscious manliness that had so often sustained me, 'I am not worthy of them; but I must leave Poplar-Hill. I will no longer spend my energies on my own amusement, but will make a home for you and Maggie.'

His self-possession calmed me; we talked a long time. His determination was fixed, that he must leave us; he had no right to stay longer. But he has promised to remain until I can get his wardrobe in order, and that will occupy a week or more. He has several times found me engaged while thus employed, and the dear boy has since sat by me while I was engaged, and by his lively conversation diverted my attention. How can I part with him!

I can scarcely forgive mother all that she has done, and yet, those well-remembered words of Aunt Mary return reprovingly to me. 'It is strange,' she said, 'that we are so unwilling to forgive each other's

trespasses. I could forgive a friend any weakness to which human nature is subject. He might place my honor, my reputation in jeopardy, yet I could forgive; for I feel every day, every hour, how hard it is to resist temptation. How much more unwilling people are to pardon than our Heavenly FATHER! If a creature only repent, and come to Him in humility, he is forgiven; yet man, the powerless creation of His hand, denies the same to his fellow-man. His feelings are grieved, his pride is wounded, his dignity must be preserved; never thinking that he transgresses in thought, word, and deed, every hour that he lives; or, perchance, if he bends his knee with a plea for forgiveness, when he rises, and lies down to sleep, he heedeth little that solemn sentence, 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us,' or thinks that his own lips seal the denial of his prayer!

I shall certainly see you before you go: until then, believe me, as ever, yours sincerely,

BERTHA ELLICOTT.

LETTER NINTH.

Poplar-Hill, December, 18--

DEAR EMILY: I came up to my room to watch Harold go down the Beverley road. He stopped at the nut-woods longer than usual, then turned his horse's head and rode swiftly away. I may not see him for years, perhaps never again! The solitary, snow-beaten road, the naked, shivering trees, look more solitary, more naked than ever. It is dark and bleak without, but it is drearier in my own heart. When Harold came in this afternoon, he found me alone, and he told me many things concerning you. Yet it was not until the rest of the family appeared, that he mentioned his intention of leaving the country. He told Henry all his plans, in a voice so low and calm, I could scarcely distinguish what was said. Perhaps he did not intend me to know them; he certainly did not think me an interested listener.

He went into father's room, and bade him good-bye. Mother was pleased to wish him pleasant journeys and prosperous fortunes. I shall long remember his 'God bless you, Bertha!' and the fervent grasp of his hand in parting. The wild ocean will swell between us, and Poplar-Hill be forgotten in more exciting scenes. His words, that came so often like a benediction on the restless current of my life, will seem more sacred, mellowed in the deep voice of the past.

N I G H T .

I am alone again. It is later than usual, and, agitated and weary, I have recourse to my only comfort. We are separated: yet how earnestly, across this sheet, I look up into your loving eyes, and read sympathy and consolation. Oh! that you were beside me, 'with your arm around my waist, as it used to be when we were school-mates; those were happy days, were they not?' But it cannot be. I can only take this stiff pen and paper, and send it forth weary miles, ere it can bring a sigh from your bosom. Alas! how many heart-histories are daily passing around the world! If bitter, murmuring tears often fill my eyes, it were not strange. It is 'wondrous pitiful,' poor heart, that thou canst nowhere find a resting-place! Before I knew the value of a friend, my mother was taken from me; and then the loss

of Aunt Mary opened the flood-gates of grief, that will never more be closed. At Poplar-Hill, I am denied your frequent companionship; my poor comfort in Sparrow-bush has been taken from me; Harold, now that I have begun to regard him as a friend, has left us for an indefinite period, for he said Mr. Langworthy's business might require attention for an unlimited time; and now — how can I write, or think, or utter it? — Henry, too, is going away! I *must* give him up, must see the bright dream that I might keep *him* at least, dispelled before the cold reality of circumstance and change. 'Who can measure the extent of our capacity to suffer and live on?'

Henry had a conversation this afternoon with father, that has decided him. Mother has for a long time been very curious to know Henry's plans, and has questioned continually. This, doubtless, has exceedingly annoyed father. So he called Henry to him, and asked, impatiently, perhaps, if he meant to idle his best days? Henry replied with some spirit, that, as he was of age, he had some right to choose his hours of leisure and of employment.

'This flippery of precious time, beside being unworthy of your name, is a gross wrong done to yourself and me. You see me declining, and must not imagine there will be wealth in store for you. My property is burdened with debt, and Poplar-Hill is no longer mine.'

Henry left him in anger, and came to me.

'Never fear, Bertha,' he said, 'that I shall disgrace my family. If the name of Henry Whitman Ellicott may not be associated with these ice-bound fields, that name shall grace a higher, more fertile sphere. You shall esteem and respect as much as you now love me, and generations of Ellicotts yet unborn be proud to own me a progenitor of their race!'

Flushed with conscious ability, he talked extravagantly of his favorite schemes, and thus revived our mutual tendency to depression. But toward night, the dire certainty of anticipated parting flung a melancholy shade over him, that I remarked with sadness. All the evening he lay on the sofa, seldom speaking, and gazing into my face with a yearning tenderness truly touching. I strove with varied subjects to interest him, and if I sometimes won a smile, his features soon relapsed into meditative sorrow. When we separated for the night, he came with me to my room, and scarce would suffer me to leave his arms. And now I, of all the household, am waking. Is this lonely sorrow a precursor of deeper grief? A voice from the dim future answers 'Yes!' The long-gathering shadows seem concentrated over my unprotected head. Oh! for some refuge from the impending storm! I have been denied earthly friends that I might be led heavenward: O weak and wavering heart, why refuse the offered shelter?

Three hours have passed since I penned the last sentence. I am calmer now. I trust I have found a FRIEND willing to shield, and love, and guide me, all unworthy as I am. That Gracious Love so long offered, so long rejected, shall not fail me. Oh! heavenly comfort! mine in storm and sunshine, in good or ill, for ever, ever more!

I have just been to Henry's room, to take a last look at him to-night.

He slept sweetly. The exciting events of the day agitated not the dreams that visited his pillow. As I bent over him, his life passed before me, from the time when we had parted in the gaiety of childhood. He had been in peril, and had outlived the storm; a merciful PROVIDENCE had spared and brought him to me: should I not acknowledge that POWER all-wise that would take him away? My heart rebelled. So unwilling to trust my GOD and SAVIOUR? A gush of tears proclaimed the sacrifice! I kneeled down and prayed for resignation. O Emily! weak and faltering as was the petition, it was heard. I arose tranquil and subdued. One light kiss upon his brow, and I left him. I have given him up—the last earthly friend I had to lean upon. Henceforth, O FATHER, my soul shall rest on Thee!

MORNING.

O subtle human heart! who can confidently trust in thee? When I arose this morning, and went to Henry's room, he was not there; a little note upon the table told me all:

'I AM going, BERTHA dear. I cannot bear the pangs of parting. I was awake in the night when you came to my room; your kiss yet lingers on my brow, my most sacred memory of home. God have you in his holy keeping, and unite us soon! I will write you. Trust me, and all will be well. HENRY.'

His trunk was packed, his books gone from the table, his gun and fishing-rod from the wall; they were but the tokens of a dearer departure. I wept passionately!

But had I not confided him to my Heavenly FATHER? I vainly dreamed I could have shielded him with the mighty protection of my love. God had revealed my self-deception. I searched my own heart, and from the agony of that moment found strength to look upward. I can trust HIM now!

Good-bye, Emily dear! think and pray often for your poor

BERTHA ELLICOTT.

I M P R O M P T U

AT THE BED-SIDE OF A SICK BROTHER.

SAY not so mournfully, dear brother mine,
That to thy stay on earth the end is set;
Too closely linked are other lives with thine;
God knows, dear one, we cannot spare thee yet.
And ever, when reminding me of thee,
The star of love shines brightly fresh at even,
My heart's prayer, fervent, rises silently:
'Oh! late, late may it be ere thy return to heaven!'

Late in a life that would be lone without thee;
Late in a day whose morning yet is bright;
Not while the hopes that love has wreathed about thee
Shed in my heart so rich and pure a light,
Even though the kindred angels wait for thee,
And hope to see thy earthly fetters riven:
Brother! dearest of all thou art to me!
Oh! late, late may it be, ere thy return to heaven!

A N E P I T A P H .

I.

His was a poor and common lot
 Whose dust is buried here :
 Some hours of joy and some of grief,
 Cares soon forgot, and pleasures brief,
 The changeful smile and tear.

II.

All youth's illusions o'er and past,
 The work of manhood done,
 He sleeps right well, and takes no thought
 Of all the good or ill he wrought
 Beneath the sacred sun.

III.

And were his dust placed side by side
 With dust from CÆSAR'S urn,
 'T is doubtful if the keenest eye
 The kingly atoms could descry,
 Or each from each discern.

IV.

Some tears were shed upon his grave
 From eyes that smiled the morrow,
 Ere NATURE'S kindly hand had spread
 A robe of green above his head
 All had forgot their sorrow.

V.

His kinsmen, with becoming grief,
 Their legacies received ;
 The doctor took his fee, and sighed,
 Explaining sagely why he died ;
 But none knew why he lived.

VI.

His friends still talk of him sometimes,
 Complacent and serene,
 As of some buried PHARAOH,
 Forgotten many an age ago,
 And vanished from the scene.

VII.

What more he was or did on earth,
 By FATE'S supreme decree ;
 Whate'er with busy hand he wrought,
 To him, O passer-by ! is nought ;
 What is it more to thee ?

ZETA.

E V E N I N G - T A L K .

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF TIECK.

THE story from which the following extract is selected represents the conversation which passes in a family-circle, seated round the fire on a winter's evening. For the entertainment of the others, each one tells a story, or relates some incident from his own experience. The Lieutenant Von LEHNDORF, whose tale is first translated, is betrothed to the daughter of the master of the house. The second tale is told by a visitor, Baron GEIERSBERG, a strange old man, whose mind has been weakened and disturbed by the sudden death of his wife and child, and the ingratitude and unkind treatment which he has experienced from near relations.

'It has always been an earnest wish of my heart,' began the Lieutenant, 'just for once to see a ghost, or some kind of supernatural appearance. I envy the men who can relate such wonderful stories as having happened to themselves, and I have often walked round church-yards, and places reported to be haunted, in the hope of seeing a strange light, or some unaccountable vision; and I have with all the strength of my will invoked evil spirits or ghosts to appear to me, but always in vain. At night, when sitting in my chamber alone, I have read such fearful tales that my hair stood on end with horror; I have put down my book and listened, straining every nerve, in the full belief that a spirit, or at least a hobgoblin, or elf, half-comic and half-terrible, would rise up before me. I was prepared for any thing, and yet not the most distant appearance that could be called supernatural ever came to me. An old friend of mine, to whom I once complained of this neglect of the spirits, thus explained it to me. He said, 'You have destroyed your power of seeing spirits, if you ever possessed any, by an over-zealous search for them, and by your constant cultivation of all that part of your nature which rejoices in the horrible and supernatural. A certain naive indifference is the true ground upon which that singular faculty rests, or rather, it is a careless unconsciousness on our part which excites that sympathy or magnetism by which spirits are attracted to our neighborhood. In almost all *true* ghost-stories, the spirits come unexpectedly, when the mortals whom they visit are thinking of wholly different things. Indeed, there is something in that shuddering fear of the supernatural which we so willingly excite in our own minds, and which gives us a kind of fearful pleasure, which is highly displeasing to the spirits; for genuine ghosts are rather afraid of a man, and only like to appear before him when they feel sure that surprise and terror will deprive him of the full use of his powers. You will never see a ghost while you are constantly on the look-out for one. The spirits will not 'come when you do call them,' but forget that there are such things, and one day you may be terrified to your heart's content.' These words made a deep impression on my mind; and although they have never been entirely fulfilled, still I have had one rather wonderful adventure since, of which I will tell you now:

'About six miles from this city, in the midst of a beautiful wood,

stands a little wayside inn. It is a small, insignificant house, the resort of carters and laborers, and offers a cool resting-place on a hot summer's day to the wearied foot-passenger. This place, I hardly know why, has always possessed great attractions for me. The landlord, a jovial, burly fellow, always reminds me of 'mine Host of the Garter,' Falstaff's friend in the 'Merry Wives;' and I like nothing better, of a summer's afternoon, than to drive out through the pine woods to his quiet little inn, and have a chat and a glass of beer with him in the low, shaded parlor. (To a man who has passed most of his life in the city, there is a very peculiar charm in leaving behind him for a time all the noise and bustle of the town; in forgetting parties and company, gossip and news, and all that makes up the daily life of a city, and giving himself up, for a few hours, to the simple, healthy life of nature.

To reach this secluded spot, you pass from the city through the pine woods until the highway is crossed by a narrow path which opens invitingly to the left. If you follow the windings of that path, you will come at last to the house, standing with its barns and cattle-sheds half-hidden in a grove of oak and beach-trees. And there, too, you will most likely see mine host standing in the doorway, and whistling you a merry welcome.

I had not been there for some months, when, one morning last Spring, moved by the warm air and the bright sun-light, I decided to give myself a whole day of pleasure, and to go on foot to my quiet little house in the wood. My longing for nature was perhaps the stronger, because I was just recovering from a nervous fever, which had confined me for some weeks to my chamber and bed. It was a most lovely May morning, when I set forth on my walk. The powers of enjoying, of thinking, and of feeling, are always strengthened and quickened by sickness, and I drew in with infinite delight through my newly-awakened senses, the soft, mild air of spring, the fragrance of the trees, and the rustling of the light wind in the branches.

I had received, only the day before, my first letter from my betrothed; and thinking of this, and of her beauty, as I gaily strolled along through the fresh dewy wood, I could not help singing aloud for joy. I felt as if no other spring ever had been or could be so beautiful as this one. My song excited the emulation of a sky-lark in a neighboring field, who rose to heaven, showering down upon me a perfect flood of melody, and my weak notes were soon hushed before that unequalled hymn to joy. He, too, felt the spring in his heart.

But now, as the sun rose higher, I began to feel tired and hot, for I was not wholly strong yet, and I thought with some uneasiness of the long hour's walk still before me. To beguile the way, I composed a poem in honor of my Charlotte, and recited it, verse by verse, to the birds and the trees. I was very busily employed in admiring my own composition, when, on suddenly raising my eyes from the ground, I saw before me my little inn in the wood. The landlord stood in the doorway and whistled, the cock sat on the roof and flapped his wings, the hens gathered round the threshold — every thing was as it usually appeared to me when I arrived there, except that the house stood close

upon the highway, and on the right-hand side instead of the left, and also, there was no wood behind it. It often happens, that when all our preconceived notions are suddenly confused, we doubt about what was before a fixed idea in our minds, and the impression of the moment seems the right one. So, for a little time, I was perfectly bewildered, believing that I must have wholly mistaken the situation of the house. The landlord beckoned to me, and I sprang across the ditch at the side of the road in order to join him; but being rather weak from my illness, and fatigued with my walk, I missed my distance and fell into the ditch. I rose slowly, thinking how the roguish landlord would laugh at my mishap, when, lo! mine host, with his house, cock, and hens, had entirely disappeared, and I still had my long hour's walk in prospect, before I reached the real inn, with the cock crowing on the roof, and the jolly landlord whistling in the door-way. And this is the nearest approach to a ghost-story which I can relate to you from my own experience; although I confess that I still cherish the hope that in some unprepared moment I may be visited by a veritable revenant.'

'I believe that what you have related is true, my young friend,' said the old Baron Geiersberg, 'for it is only as real events that such stories possess any interest. I will not say that the state of your nerves, weakened by fever, can explain this wonderful appearance, because a supposition is no explanation. But probably the picture of the house and its surroundings was vividly impressed upon your fancy, and unconsciously to yourself, made a back-ground to all your thoughts and imaginings. But by what magic a picture which, perhaps without our knowledge, is sleeping in the deepest corner of our minds, suddenly rises up, and with overpowering reality takes visible form and motion before our eyes, has never yet been explained by philosopher or seer. And now, as you are so fond of ghost-stories, I will tell you something which once happened to myself, and if you can give me as probable an explanation of my apparition as I have given you of yours, I shall feel very grateful to you.'

'If we are going to have another ghost-story,' said the father, 'do let it be a genuine frightful one. I don't think much of your ale-house ghosts.'

'At any rate, you must confess,' said the Lieutenant, 'that it would be rather 'frightful' if all the miserable little ale-houses at which we may have chanced to drink sour beer in our lives should be continually coming back to haunt us.'

A laugh went round the circle at this idea, and then Baron Geiersberg began his story:

'I lived for a long time in the town of A——, which, as you all know, is pleasantly situated on the sea-shore. I had there many friends, who, knowing my infirmity of absence of mind, treated me with great forbearance and kindness. Especially good to me was the Counsellor Bauer, who was a friend of my college days, and who was ever on the watch lest my weakness or my distraction (how shall I call it?) should lead me into harm. It is to this excellent man that I owe the preservation of my estates, my health, and even my life; for my relations were more than once on the point of putting me under guardianship,

on the plea that I was incapable of managing my own affairs. I stood alone in the world, without wife or child ; and they wanted my money and estates, and so —— ; but all this is no part of my story. I must try to forget those vexatious times.

‘From my youth, I have taken great pleasure in long, solitary walks. I never like to have my pleasant reveries in the open air disturbed by conversation. Therefore, trees and fields, the wind and the sun, are my most congenial companions, for their gentle sympathy is never obtrusive, and always welcome. But the place which delights me most is a sea-beach where I can walk for miles on the hard sand, and watch the march of the waves slowly but surely advancing up the shore, and inhale the cool, fresh breeze which seems to bring health and strength on its wings. Each wave contains within itself a little history. How it rises and foams far out on the sea, tossing its white crest as it advances in the bright sun-light, gathering fresh power with every onward motion ! Nearer it comes, glorious in beauty ; and now for one moment a glittering wall of emerald stands upon the beach, to be shattered into diamond fragments in the next, and the low sighing of the water rippling back over the pebbles is the only requiem of its perished glory.

‘The sounds by the sea-shore are also peculiarly pleasant to me : the gentle murmur and play of the waves, when the wind is low, as well as their stormy roar in rougher weather. At all times, I love the sea. In the magical morning-light, or when the moon throws her wonderful golden bridge across its waves. I have often thought of building a house near the sea, and have only been prevented by my troubles and quarrels with my relations —— ; but this is neither the place nor time to speak of that subject : let us pass it over in silence.

‘One afternoon, I was surprised on the beach by a violent storm. I had often noticed an old ruined tower which stood in a field above the beach, and which seemed to be the last remnant of a castle of some size ; and once I asked an old countryman if it was inhabited. He said that when he was a boy, it had been sometimes used by the family to whom it belonged as a summer-residence, but that it had now been deserted for a long time, and was fast falling into ruins. The increasing violence of the storm brought this tower to my mind as the nearest place of shelter, and I hastened across the desolate field in which it stood. To my surprise, I found the door, which was of oak bound with iron, standing open, and I quickly passed through the narrow entrance. To one overtaken by a pouring rain in the open air, the smallest shelter is welcome ; and I felt very comfortable in the little, damp, cellar-like room in which I found myself, and for some time watched the scene from the open door with great delight. The storm-spirit seemed to have let loose all his demons, the sea was lashed into fury, the wind roared, and torrents of rain fell. As I withdrew farther into the tower, to shield myself more effectually from the rain, I stumbled against a stair-case. The first few steps seemed in good preservation, and led on by curiosity, I climbed up in the darkness. When I had nearly reached the top, a hole in the wall gave me a glimpse of the gloomy, tossing ocean, and by the light thus admitted, I also saw before me a closed

door. I opened this antique-looking portal, determined to rest in the apartment to which it would probably admit me, until the storm was over. But how was I astonished to find myself in the presence of an old gentleman, who, seated at an old-fashioned, worm-eaten table, seemed very much engaged in reading some manuscript papers. His face was ashy pale, and his eyes were dim ; he wore a gray dress, and had very white hair. Now you all look at me, my kind friends, as if you thought this description fitted me tolerably well ; but I assure you that I am not going to end my story in such a common-place manner as to turn my ghost into a reflection of myself. Also, I give you my word, this strange little man did not please me so very much that I should try to imitate him, either in the fashion of his dress, or his features. No ; my face, such as it is, is just as I received it from Nature, and I had some time before chosen this gray, unsightly dress to mortify my relations, who were always tormenting me to get a court-dress and go to court — ; but that matter does not belong here : let us pass it over.

‘When I entered the little room and found the old gentleman sitting there, I politely took off my hat and apologized for my intrusion, assuring him that I should not have made myself so much at home in the tower, had I not been told that it was uninhabited. He smiled rather queerly, but with a friendly nod pointed to a chair which stood near the window. I saw that he did not wish to be disturbed, and quietly obeyed his sign. He gave me another friendly nod, and went on with his reading. Clearing the dust away from a pane of the little window at which I sat, I saw spread before me a most glorious view ; and I was soon fully occupied in watching the breaking-up of the storm-clouds over the sea, and the gradual quieting of nature, until the sun-light, at first pale and fearful, but at last brilliant and unclouded, gave a new and sparkling beauty to the whole scene. I turned to call the attention of the old gentleman to this beautiful landscape, but found him so busily engaged in packing away his law-papers, or whatever they were, in a chest which seemed let into the wall, that I forebore to disturb him. I noticed, too, that he took other papers from this chest, which he carefully read over, shaking his head thoughtfully all the time. When at last I turned from the window, and rose to go, my old friend had disappeared. I suspected that he had gone out through another door which was near the chest in the wall, and waited some time for his return, in order to thank him for the shelter I had received. But he did not come again, and I was obliged to go to my home without taking leave of him.

‘I thought no more of this little incident until some weeks after, when one evening, as I was walking on the beach, I caught sight of the ruined tower standing out very clearly against the bright western sky, and I was seized with a desire to see once more the beautiful view from its window. The apparent friendliness of the little old man, I thought, warranted another visit, and I was soon on the tower-staircase, standing before the carved door of the room. I knocked ; but as no one answered, I ventured to raise the latch and look in. There was no one there, so I quietly entered and took my former position by the

window, where I was soon absorbed in watching a beautiful sun-set, whose changing hues, reflected on the ocean, made a most gorgeous scene. When I turned from the window, there sat my old friend at his table, reading his manuscripts as before. I rose to excuse myself for this second intrusion, but the little gray man stopped me with an expressive gesture of welcome, which seemed to assure me that I need make no apology, but might come as often as I pleased. I saw by this that he either could not or would not speak, but preferred to make himself understood by signs. After this, I went often to the tower. The old man came and went — I never knew exactly how; but he always seemed glad to see me, and we stood evidently on a very friendly footing. Time passed on, and one autumn afternoon, just as I was leaving the room without speaking to my friend, who had been more deeply engaged in the study of his documents than usual, he rose from his table, brought me the papers, and by signs explained to me that I was to read them, and then put them away in the chest in the wall. He then went out by the door near the chest, carefully closing it after him. I glanced over the papers, which seemed to relate to family-matters of some importance, rather carelessly; but, as they had no personal interest for me, I soon grew weary of the dry legal technicalities which I could not understand, and I was about to replace them in the chest, when it occurred to me that I had better ascertain from the proprietor of these papers their value, and why he confided them to me. With this view, I went to the door by which he had left the apartment, opened it — and was almost precipitated to the ground, for it opened only into the empty air! I shrank back terror-struck. Apparently, this door had formerly been a means of communication with some other building, now in ruins. I became very uncomfortable, and left the haunted tower as soon as possible, not daring to look behind me.

‘I felt ashamed to speak of what I had seen to my friends, for an absent-minded man soon learns to doubt the truth of his own convictions, and loses faith in himself when he sees that others have no faith in him. I have grown so distrustful of myself from this cause, that any body can persuade me I am mistaken about a matter which I thought I saw yesterday with my own eyes. But, although I did not speak of it, I never could think of that door without a shudder, and I always directed my steps to the opposite side of the beach, from which the tower was not visible. But I saw no more of the little man in gray, and perhaps in time the whole occurrence would have passed from my mind, as have, alas! so many things more worthy to be remembered, if it had not been suddenly recalled by hearing that the old tower was going to be pulled down, and a public building, of I know not what nature, erected on its site. Then those papers occurred to me which I had so often seen the old man read over, and which I had packed away for him in the chest in the wall. I went immediately to my good friend Bauer, and without mentioning the little man in gray, told him that once when I had been driven for shelter into the old tower by a violent storm, I had discovered some papers there which seemed to be of some value, and that, as I heard the tower was going to be pulled down, I thought it would be as well to secure them. My friend looked

at me rather doubtingly, as if the business seemed to him very improbable ; and he even did not hesitate to tell me in a gentle way, that I had probably blended something I had been reading with the events of my every-day life. But I was so clear in my account, and so earnest in my entreaties that he would go himself to the tower, that at length he yielded ; and the next morning we set out, accompanied by two or three gentlemen of the neighborhood as witnesses. We also took with us a notary, that ever thing might be done in form. The procession set forth under my guidance. My heart beat violently as we ascended the tower-staircase, for I dreaded seeing the suspicious old gentleman in gray sitting at the table, when I opened the door of the room. Every thing there was just as I had left it, but much to my relief, the old man was not present. There was the little dusky window, the two chairs and the worm-eaten table, and the walls, black with smoke and dust. 'But where is the chest of which we have heard so much ?' said one of my companions. I stood before them dumb and ashamed ; for it was nowhere to be seen, and there was no mark on the wall of such a piece of furniture's having been lately removed. My vexation was indescribable ; for I must appear before all these people as either a fool or a liar, and I saw them already begin secretly to laugh at me. I tapped round on the wall, in the hope of discovering some hidden spring, for I remembered distinctly the place in the room where the chest stood. Just then, one of the gentlemen present opened the second door, and started back as I had done, when he saw before him only the open air and the deep abyss at his feet. I drew him back, and to steady myself, pressed my hand against the wall. Involuntarily, my fingers closed over a little knob, which, being the same color as the wall, had not been noticed before. Upon pulling this, a little door flew open, disclosing to all eyes the lost chest. We took out all the papers, counted, and registered them in the presence of the witnesses. There were many documents and letters, and I observed that as Bauer glanced over them he looked very much astonished and pleased. I went first down the stair-way, for I feared that if I were left alone there, even for a moment, my little gray friend would renew his acquaintance with me, which I did not by any means desire.

'Two or three days after, I called upon Bauer, to discover the result of our visit to the tower. He said to me :

'By the discovery of these papers, you have conferred the greatest obligations upon certain families in this neighborhood, and I am happy to say, too, you have been the means of redressing great injuries. A former wealthy proprietor, who died in this part of the country many years since, had, through bribery and other evil means, obtained some documents by the concealment of which he got into his own possession estates of great value to which he had no right, keeping them thus fraudulently away from their lawful owners. After his death there was a diligent search made for these papers, but in vain. These missing documents are the ones you discovered in the old tower ; and there were letters with them, proving the whole course of deception and knavery practised by the old man.'

'Indeed, there was at the time of my visit a collection of counsellors

learned in the law, met together in the house for the purpose of restoring their rights to the injured parties. My friend was obliged to leave me for a few minutes to join this assembly, and requested me in his absence to examine a new engraving with which he had lately adorned his walls. As I stood up to look more closely at the picture, I suddenly became aware of a presence in the room behind me. I turned quickly, and there, to my horror, stood my little gray friend, pleasantly smiling at me. He made a gesture with his hand, as if he would heartily thank me for my trouble, and disappeared. I had never seen him so plainly. He stood clearly visible in the light of the setting sun, and waved his hand. An invincible terror took possession of my whole frame, and when Bauer returned, he found me half-fainting and very much excited. I now related to him all that I had seen. To my great surprise, he did not seem much astonished. 'I could have told you,' he said, 'that there have been strange stories about that old tower for a very long time current among the common people hereabout, and by other eyes than yours has your little gray friend been seen there. For this reason, the place has always been considered haunted, and has been shunned by the country people. And strangely enough, the story has always been that unjustly-gained worldly goods would not let the proprietor of that tower rest in peace in his grave. It is very remarkable how often that superstition seems to be confirmed; and indeed, if under any circumstances the spirits of the departed are permitted to return to earth, I can imagine no motive so strong to a spirit newly awakened to a sense of its guilt, and loathing the crimes it committed on earth, as the wish to redress as far as it is allowed, the wrongs it has done here. Why should we doubt this, my friend, and why should the thought of it be so terrible to us?'

'So spoke the good, reasonable Bauer, and to assure both himself and me of the truth of this apparition, he took me to the house of one of the descendants of the little gray man, who owned a picture of his great-uncle. It was the same face and the same dress which I had seen in the tower, and the picture was almost as fearful to me as the ghost itself. This old Lord of Rupertsheim ——'

At this name, the young lieutenant sprang up in a great rage, exclaiming: 'It is all a lie! a shameful slander! The Lord of Rupertsheim was also my grand-uncle, and I will not suffer so good and irreproachable a character to be so cruelly belied. It is scandalous to bring against him these vulgar little tales of the peasantry.'

The master of the house tried to soothe the angry young man by telling him that the story of the documents at least was true, as he had been one of the parties to whom their recovery had been most advantageous; but it was all in vain. Stamping with rage, the Lieutenant marched up and down the room. His betrothed followed him, weeping, her father expostulating, while her brother, with a loud voice, tried to satisfy and reconcile every body, and was listened to by none. Meanwhile, the Baron of Geiersberg, incensed at being so uncourtously treated, was performing in one corner what he called his dance of despair, a kind of nervous paroxysm which always seized him when he was much excited, and which was one form of his disorder.

Just as this scene of confusion was at its height, the company suddenly became silent, and, as it were, chained to their places. So they stood like marble figures, dumb and motionless, while a little man dressed in gray passed slowly around the group. He stopped for a moment before the lieutenant, and looking at him with a serious air of displeasure, shook his finger warningly ; then he turned to the master of the house, whom he courteously saluted ; and finally, gliding to the corner of the room where the poor baron, having been stopped short in his dance, stood the picture of horror, kissed his hand smilingly to him, and disappeared.

For a little while, the family stood silent, gazing at each other in terrified amazement ; then the father rang the bell and ordered more lights, and the young officer seized the hand of the Baron, and entreated his pardon for his uncourteous violence. ‘Never speak of it again !’ said the good-natured old Baron ; ‘I do not think any the less of you for defending the character of those who cannot speak for themselves ; although,’ he said, lowering his voice, and looking fearfully round him, ‘this seems to be an exceptional case. And now, my young friend, you have at least had ‘the earnest wish of your heart’ gratified, but I think neither you, nor I, nor any of us, would care to have such visitors often. In the hope that this may be his last appearance on any earthly stage, I assure my little friend in gray that his wishes are all fulfilled, and his unjustly-acquired property restored to its rightful owners !

‘And now, let us trust that he will for ever after rest in peace !’

M O R N I N G .

It is morning, it is morning,
 And the weary wing of night
 Slowly lifts its sable plumage
 To admit the early light.
 Streaming o’er the distant mountain,
 With a glad and glorious sheen ;
 Tinging all the tallest tree-tops
 With a hue more fresh and green ;
 Glancing on the river’s ripples,
 Gleaming o’er the peaceful lake ;
 Waking all the silent songsters
 That repose in bush and brake ;
 Lighting up the lovely landscape,
 Lately hidden from the view,
 Comes the golden sun in glory,
 Giving life and light anew.
 So, when merciless misfortunes
 Darkness o’er my spirit throw,
 Let the sun of hope unclouded
 In my soul serenely glow ;
 Driving out all searing sorrow ;
 Chasing all the gloom away ;
 Radiating life and gladness,
 Like the light of early day.

L I N E S T O E S T E L L E .

'C. GARRICK SMITH, a gentleman of a sombre mind, but of a kind heart and ample means, when travelling in one of the cities of Spanish America, was greeted by an orphan girl soliciting alms. Being struck with her beauty, he made her one of the objects of his charity, provided for her permanently, and she became the light of his after-life.'

U. CLUS PAPERS.

SWEET wanderer, with the melting eye,
Why roam'st thou friendless and alone?
Why swells thy bosom with a sigh,
And why that soft and plaintive tone?

Art thou of earthly friends bereft,
And dost thou shed that stealing tear
That thou in this cold world art left,
With none to soothe thy sorrow here?

Then welcome to this bleeding heart,
That long has yearned for sympathy;
And thou shalt have, fair one! a part
In all that earth allots to me.

I'll wrap the mantle of my love
Around thy frail, defenceless form;
And pray to HIM who rules above,
To save thee from the world's wild storm.

I'll shield thee from its luring wiles,
And guide thee in fair VIRTUE's way;
And if TEMPTATION's voice beguiles,
I'll whisper to thee not to stray.

And if the death-frost on thy brow
Shall tell me that thy life is o'er,
Beside thy clay-cold form I'll bow,
And there in tears thy loss deplore.

But when LIFE's sea at last I've crossed,
And heaven-lit mountain-heights appear,
I'll deem thee still to me not lost,
But look for thee in that bright sphere.

And from those summits we shall see
Where heaven's bright rivers take their rise,
And mark each wavy, blooming tree
That sheds perfume in Paradise:

And see that soft cerulean sky
That's mirrored on that placid stream,
Pure as an infant angel's eye,
When viewed by Heaven's transcendent beam.

And there we'll feel how well bestowed
 Is worldly pelf, when freely given
 To help the sorrowing o'er the road
 That ends in that bright, beauteous Heaven.

N. M. K.

TWO TRIPS TO LAKE WILLOUGHBY.

'BRIGHT, bright in many a rocky urn
 The waters of our deserts lie.'

It is noon on the Atlantic. The ocean sleeps — its heaving bosom unruffled by a breath of air. Nothing is heard but the steady beating of our engine; that great iron heart which, as it pants and throbs, sends its quivering pulsations to the extremities of our noble ship. Oppressed with the profound lassitude which envelops us, I sit and dream. I muse over my erratic wanderings; and influenced perhaps by the course our steamer is taking, my thoughts turn to my native New-England, bustling New-England, land of snow and storm, of lovely lakes and rugged rocks. Among the vague memories which steal over me is one of peculiar pleasure — a picture of beautiful scenery, which occupies a prominent place among the more graceful treasures of the mind. And so, being roused out of my *ennui* by this recollection, I order pen and paper, and write this much by way of explanation, or rather apology, for inflicting my prosy dreaming upon the happy readers of the KNICKERBOCKER.

Being in Vermont in the summer of 1846, I received from a kind and valued friend, the Rev. Mr. H —, an invitation to join him and Professor Adams, then State geologist, in an excursion to Lake Willoughby, at that time *aqua incog.* to most of the worthy citizens of Vermont. Having spent four years upon the monotonous sands and among the unpicturesque pines of the 'Empire State of the South,' and hearing moreover vague rumors of the wild beauty of the locality we proposed visiting, I accepted the invitation with eager pleasure.

Behold us, then, one bright morning in June, rattling gaily out of the village of C —. The Professor, with his barometer, compass, hammers, etc., taking the lead, and Mr. H — and myself following. Our 'wagon,' filled with 'pod augurs' for boring the earth, bags and boxes for preserving specimens, and sundry and divers implements for scientific war upon that portion of the devoted 'crust of the earth' which lay in our way. And oh! how green, how fresh, how varied was the landscape which spread itself before us as we toiled up the steep hills or dashed into the smiling valleys before us! But I will not weary you, O patient reader, with a detail of our day's travel: how we called on a famous family of boulders, filled with large round nodules of mica as thickly as plums in a Christmas pudding; how we visited the

celebrated rocking-stones of G —, one of which, mounted upon a huge rock, was estimated to weigh seventy tons, and yet was easily rocked by the unaided hand.

Evening found us at a fine country inn, known as the 'Runaway-pond House.' Here was formerly a nice little lake, which one fine morning broke the bonds that had confined it among the hills for a thousand years, in an opposite direction from its natural outlet, and left its native home for ever, doubtless instigated thereto by the hands of meddling Yankees, who were trying to make its waters run up hill. The streams which supplied it, formerly flowing to the Atlantic in the direction of puritan Boston, now find their way to the stately St. Lawrence, and through the dominions of Her Most Gracious Majesty.

The moon rose full and soft over the hill which overshadowed our hotel as I strolled down to a sweet little pond which lay in the valley before us, and, stepping into a boat, pulled out upon its fairy waters. How enchanting a scene! The tiny lake embosomed among steep and verdant hills; the 'moon rising in cloudless majesty,' and profound silence reigning over all! What a charming place for Queen Mab and her court to hold their fairy revels! Suddenly the noise of dipping oars is caught up and sent back with startling distinctness from a dozen surrounding hills. I shout and sing, and my voice comes mockingly back again. I try a famous Georgia song, commencing

'LAND of the South, imperial land,'

and my mountain-chorus catches up the refrain and prolongs it with wonderful clearness. Engaged in my vocal experiments, my boat drifts among the upturned roots of a gigantic oak, and upon looking among the jagged prongs, I see just over my head the nest of a robin; thus secured amid the surrounding water from the too easy approach of meddling intrusion. I feel a respect for the instinct which prompted the selection of this place for a serene home, and climbing stealthily up I peer into the nest. There is the little family, but, alas! stiff and cold in the moon-light. Some ruthless fowler has slain the mother as she sought the early breakfast for her cherished little ones, and she comes no more to hear their cheerful twitterings. This incident, so simple, saddens me at once. How much like man; proud of his strength and sagacity, he builds his castle well, secure of happiness for himself and his, and says, 'Soul, take thine ease; eat, drink, and be merry.' 'Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee!' How few, alas! though the lesson be daily repeated, learn to solve aright the great problem of life.

We left early next morning: the slant sunbeams weaving before us a carpet of bronze and gold, and glancing from the polished surfaces of a million diamonds which Titania had scattered during the night. Passing rapidly by village and hamlet, woodland and lawn, we gradually retired from the presence of civilization and approached the domain of nature. The sun was well up in the east as we commenced a long and toilsome ascent, such as are not altogether unknown in Vermont even to this day. The Professor hammered his way deliberately up, while I, walking, drove his horse. Mr. H — and an enthusiastic friend fol-

lowed closely behind, philosophising upon the beauty and utility of mountains like the one we were ascending. Arriving at the top, we involuntarily pulled up in admiration of the superb landscape which greeted our eyes. An immense bowl-like valley, some twenty miles across, was scooped out before us, carpeted with the brightest of woodland foliage; its outer edge surmounted with a succession of precipitous ridges which, softened in the blue distance, looked like the embossed rim of some vast enameled beaker. These elevated ridges swept around us in nearly an unbroken circle, except in one place, where they terminated abruptly for the purpose of receiving the glistening waters of Lake Willoughby; while in the valley before us ran Willoughby River — a silver thread, shining capriciously among the dark woof of a Vermont forest. Indulging our eyes but a few moments with this radiant scene, we jolted on until we reached the house of the last settler, a kind and worthy man, who lived about a mile from the lake. Here we housed our jaded horses, procured a guide, slung our geological traps, and plunged into the woods. We soon arrived at the cove where our friend's canoe was moored, and pushed out upon the calm surface of the most beautiful sheet of water I have ever seen. The surrounding forests are unbroken; no sign of the presence of the white man is anywhere visible. Before us the lake stretches out some seven or eight miles, being about four miles across at the end where we are embarked, and encircled with a narrow beach of glistening sand. The water seems perfectly transparent, minute objects being distinctly visible twenty feet below us. To the east, about five miles, the Green Mountains, which at some time must have crossed the bed of the lake, have been torn apart by some convulsion of nature, and the water lies in the chasm thus formed, the precipices rising out of the water some eighteen hundred feet high upon one side, and about twelve hundred feet upon the other. While noticing these things, the stout arms of our boatman are pulling us up to this gorge, and the *savans* are speculating about the causes which have produced it. Gradually we approach the shadow of the great mountain. We find the lake here to be but about two hundred yards wide, and our guide tells us three hundred feet deep. Huge rocks have been precipitated into the water, and we coast along for some time before a practicable landing is discovered. Here we pause a moment in admiration of the wild and romantic scene, and then climb over the *debris* which centuries have accumulated at the edge of the water. It is composed of great boulders and disintegrated rocks, and large trees are growing upon the slight soil which is lodged in the crevices. We fancy it a light matter to surmount the obstacles before us, but it is an hour, and we are very tired before we arrive at the base of the lofty cliff and look up to its solemn face rising eight hundred feet above us, rifted and scarred by the storms of a thousand years. Oppressed with its vastness, we turn toward the lake. A light breeze has sprung up, and its placid waters are covered with a soft silver lace which sparkles in the noon-day sun. Just beyond rises the opposing precipice, and so near that we fancy we can see the eggs in the nests of the swallows which are circling about. It lifts itself more than a thousand feet above the water, covered with a brilliant carpet of

green, while mid-way to its summit gleams a huge mass of feld-spar, like the silver shield of a Titan in a mountain of emerald. Looking over the wilderness which covers the sloping side of the mountain westward, and the undulating hills to the east, we see no sign of civilization. Our boatman tells us of a projected road through the chasm beneath us, and that thousands have already been expended without 'making a beginning.' Looking at the impassable nature of the route, we pronounce the project utterly visionary. Roses and honeysuckles are blooming among the rocks, and many a fine specimen of quartz and feld-spar are bagged by our scientific friends. We discuss the propriety of reaching the top of the mountain; but, being told that it will require a circuit of three miles and eight hours of time, we decide that we do n't care about that achievement; and, after taking a long and final look at the incomparable pictures around us, we turn our steps downward, leaving a landscape as rare and beautiful as ever haunted the dream of a Claude or Cole.

The waves were chasing each other boisterously against the rocks when we reached our boat, tossing it about in a rude and fantastic style. Our boatman told us of popular traditions in the neighborhood, to the effect that the waters of this part of the lake are often violently agitated while the air is perfectly still, attributed by some to supernatural agency, but doubtless caused by the mountain winds being collected and forced through the gap, while they are unfelt in the surrounding country. Our little over-loaded boat pitched about somewhat unpleasantly, but we arrived safely, and found a most delicious dinner of '*longe*' or *muscalonge*, smoking upon our friend's table, during the discussion of which we learned the piscatorial qualities of the lake. The '*longe*' is a large fish resembling the salmon, of a fine hard texture and exquisite flavor, generally inhabiting cold and deep water. One hundred pounds per day may occasionally be taken with the hook in Lake Willoughby, and we were told that fish weighing twenty pounds had frequently been caught.

We slept in the village of B — that night, and next day went 'prospecting,' as they say in California, but without the golden results which sometimes follow such exercises in that auriferous State; a fine ledge of novaculite and a deposit of infusoria silica being the result of our labors; so we turned homeward.

Night had descended before the moon was risen, and the dim and shadowless trees were gliding spectre-like back into the darkness as we hastened to

'MEET the warm welcome, the loved ones' embrace,'

in the genial homes of hospitable C —.

II.

Six years have elapsed, swiftly and almost imperceptibly. Again I breathe the pure and bracing air of the Green Mountains, and partake of the hospitality of kind and partial friends; but not alone do I this time enjoy the pleasures of this land, so redolent of health and beauty:

'A voice, and a hand, and a gentle eye,
Had dazzled me with their spell,'

and now, another pair of eyes beside my own — eyes used to the tame scenery of distant lands — look wonderingly at the grand, solemn, old mountains; and another heart beats joyously and in unison with mine, to the music of dancing rivulets; and thus through my dual self do I enjoy for the first time this magnificent scenery.

Resolutely bent upon enjoying the good things Nature had so profusely spread out around us, what more natural than that I should propose a trip to Lake Willoughby, my first visit being still a salient memory with me. The idea was at once caught up, and a much-loved friend proposed 'tackling' his farm-horses and 'wagon,' and taking us over; influenced as much, I faintly imagined, by the prospect of picking up at a neighboring village a certain lovely Miss M —, as by the prospective glories of the lake.

The weather looked portentous as we sallied out, but being thoroughly armed and equipped with umbrellas, shawls, overcoats, etc., we laughed old Storm King to scorn; for which irreverence we were duly punished, as about ten o'clock the rain poured down in torrents, and we reined up under the friendly shelter of a great beach-tree to bewail our contumacy. The pitiless shower drenched cloak and umbrella, and covered the face of the earth with a thin sheet of water. Nature seemed taking a douche. Shall we go on, or return? At last, just as patience became exhausted, the sun broke through the overhanging foliage; and we bowled merrily on, arriving at G — in time for dinner. Oh! those delicious spotted trout, just done to a turn; the light, sweet bread, the fresh, hard butter — the memory of those simple but nice dinners lingers on the palate yet! A fair representative of the rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed Vermonters, in the person of Miss M —, joined our party at G —, and our suspicions regarding the *penchant* of our driver-friend were fully confirmed.

We arrived at the western end of the lake at about four P.M. Time had wrought a great change in its surroundings since my last visit. Farms were spread out and in fine cultivation, where six years since flourished the tangled forest; a fine carriage-road skirted the water upon the northern side, winding along under the cliffs, through the very route we had deemed so impracticable, and passing through the Green Mountains with scarcely an ascent of twenty feet; and lastly, a fine, large, piazzaed hotel had exhaled from the primitive wilderness, from the roof of which, as we drove up, floated a broad gonfalon, flaunting its defiance to the world migratory, and proclaiming its determination to resist all attacks which any predatory force of travellers properly armed with gold dollars, might make upon it.

The scene from the piazza, as we stepped up, was really superb; the sun, just sinking to the horizon, shone through an atmosphere beautifully clear after the rain of the morning; its level rays striking the rippled surface of the lake, embroidering upon its bosom a splendid gorget of burnished gold. In the far distance between the lofty mountains, rose the sharp peak of Owl's Head, one of the highest of the Green Mountain range, while nearer and covering the rolling lands beyond the lake, a variegated carpet of farm and forest spread itself out and filled the picture before us.

Turning into the hotel, what was my surprise to find the morning-papers of the day, from Boston and New-York, lying upon the reading-room table! Here was a change, indeed! an unbroken wilderness, five years since, now supplied with the daily papers of cities three hundred miles distant! All this metamorphosis had been wrought by the great magician of the age — the Rail-road King. A daring company had thrown down a track among these far-off mountains, and each bellowing train discharged its due proportion of pleasure-seekers, and returned with the neighboring farmers, *en route* for Boston with the produce which was formerly hauled two hundred miles in wagons.

After partaking of a capital supper, we took a stroll toward the margin of the lake. The full moon was silvering rock and water with her soft and melancholy light, and casting a sombre shadow half-way across the lake, as we sailed out upon its untroubled bosom. The fine lines of Southey came involuntarily to my mind :

‘THE moon arose: she shone upon the lake,
That lay one smooth expanse of silver light;
She shone upon the hills and rocks, and cast
Upon their hollows and their hidden glens
A blacker depth of shade.’

We coasted along the southern shore, attracted by the sound of falling waters, and presently came upon a lovely water-fall, pure and cold, leaping from its native hills and tearing its way over the craggy rocks to the clear depths beneath. The scene was enchanting. Behind us rose the verdant and precipitous hill, a thousand feet almost perpendicularly from the water, and beneath us the pure element, so colorless and still that our boat seemed suspended in ether; the bright moon sailed high above us, amid her splendid retinue of stars, while beneath floated in a concave heaven her twin sister, attended by equally as brilliant a train; and opposite, but so near that we seemed at its very base, frowned the stern and awful cliff, lifting its ‘rock-ribbed’ form with kingly majesty, solemn, shadowy, and sublime, in the dim moon-light. These are moments which

‘WAKE the thoughts
That perish never,’

and lead the wayward heart back to HIM, its neglected and forgotten CREATOR, who having upheaved these vast mountains, has asserted His power and dominion by rending their granite foundations to their very centres.

Suddenly music arose from the base of the precipice opposite, startling a thousand echoes from the surrounding shores, and ‘sprinkling the air’ with its soft and pleasing melody. A party had, unperceived, rowed in the shadow of the other shore until they were opposite us, and had thus completed and illustrated the dream-like pictures around us.

The chill night air compelled us reluctantly to retire; but we found slumber sweet and refreshing in the airy rooms of our indefatigable host. A film of white mist hung over the lake in the morning, which, as the rays of the sun fell upon it, lifted from the water, wreathed

itself in graceful folds, and floating spirit-like along the sides of the gorge, vanished in the sky. I longed for the pencil of a Durand or a Turner, to catch these rare and transient beauties, and fasten them on canvas, that amid the dull realities of life the mind might be recalled to the grace and loveliness of nature.

After breakfast, we visited several famous localities in the vicinity: the 'Cave,' the 'Devil's Den,' the 'Avalanche,' etc.; and later in the day, mounted horse to ascend the higher of the two mountains, called 'Annenence,' after a great aboriginal chief who once made it his home. The distance is about two miles, and the path very steep and rough, about six hundred yards being impassable except on foot. The panorama from the summit is very fine and extensive, but lacks that variety which is most pleasing in a large sweep of landscape.

Eastward, the vast rolling valley of the Passumpsic and Connecticut is in sight, dotted with farms which from this altitude resemble light patchwork let into the dark ground of the forest; some fifty miles beyond, rises the White-Mountain group, crowned by their giant king, Mount Washington. In front of us, the view is shut in by the opposite mountain, at the base of which lie the blue waters of the lake. To the right, a wilderness of mountains is visible, embracing in the extreme distance Camel's Hump and Mansfield, and we fancied we could see still to the right the Adirondacks in New-York, although the shadowy outline which lay just above the horizon would have answered equally well for a bank of clouds. Behind us, to the north-west, the beautiful waters of Lake Memphramagog were in full view, branching out in many a lovely valley and dotted with many a fairy island.

On the whole, one is well repaid for the trouble and fatigue of the ascent, especially as you are certain to bring back to the capital dinner of '*l'ouge*' at the Lake House, a better appetite than any 'warranted' specific will produce.

We had a pleasant and agreeable sail with the ladies, some four or five miles down the lake, on our return, leaving our friend R—— to take round the wagon and horses: and thus we took our farewell of lovely Willoughby.

It may not be improper to say here, should any pleasure-seeking tourist desire to visit this locality, that it may be 'done' *en route* for the White Mountains. A fine rail-road reaches from Connecticut river to St. Johnsbury, thence to the lake, some twenty miles. Comfortable hacks run to the lake during the summer season. From St. Johnsbury there is a regular line of stages to the White Mountains: although by this route you lose the fine view to which I alluded in the first part of this paper.

And now, as I am about closing these imperfect sketches, a sad recollection arrests the train of pleasant memories. Professor Adams, the accomplished naturalist to whom I alluded as the companion of my first trip, has closed his laborious and successful researches on earth, and sleeps on the bosom of a distant isle, in the luxuriant clime of the tropics. He was engaged in collecting and classifying the mollusca of the islands of the Caribbean, when he fell a victim to the pestilent

malaria of that fatal climate — a noble sacrifice upon the altar of Science. A friend faithful and affectionate ; a teacher patient and kind ; a devotee of science laborious and persevering ; a *man* frank and noble, he has exchanged his beloved pursuits on earth for higher and holier employment in a better world.

K. P. H.

T H E S H A D O W .

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

I.

SEVENTEEN long years ago! and still
 The hillock newly-heaped I see,
 Which hid beneath its heavy chill
 One who has never died to me.
 And since, the leaves which o'er it wave
 Have been kept green by raining tears :
 Strange, how the shadow of a grave
 Could fall across so many years!

II.

Seventeen long years ago! No cross,
 No urn, nor monument is there;
 But drooping leaves and starry moss
 Bend softly in the summer air:
 The one I would have died to save
 Sleeps sweetly, free from griefs and fears:
 Strange, how the shadow of a grave
 Could fall across so many years!

III.

Seventeen long years ago! I see
 The hand I held so long in vain;
 The lips I pressed despairingly,
 Because they answered not again:
 I see again the shining wave
 Of the dark hair, be-gemmed with tears:
 Strange, how the shadow of a grave
 Could fall across so many years!

IV.

Seventeen long years ago! The hand
 Then fondly clasped, still holds my own,
 Leading me gently to the land
 Where storm and shadow are unknown:
 The summons which I gladly crave
 Will come like music to my ears,
 And the chill shadows of the grave
 Be changed to light, ere many years!

MY FRIENDS THE SEYMOURS.

— 'HER,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with —'

DID you ever see, hurrying along the shady side of our great thoroughfare, a spare, bowed figure, clad all in black, no matter what torrid beams poured down upon the dusty street? Did you watch his steps, now stumbling over the broken pavement, now picking a cautious way over the tottering bridges spanning fearful chasms, or stealing a precarious footing, jostling shoulder with shoulder against huge piles of brick? Did you notice with what care every speck of dust was brushed from the black coat, or with what affectionate regard the bright shoes were kept from every unpleasant contact? Did you not observe the pure linen and the carefully-brushed hat? Did you see too how the nap had worn off, and how the polish on the thread-bare garments told earlier than the wrinkles, of the departure of their glory? Then did you hurry your steps till you passed, and looking back for some frivolous pretended reason, did you notice the deep wrinkles, and the thin gray hairs, and the eyes that looked down upon the pavement? Did you see the subdued smile that sat there in spite of all, and did you perceive the strange gleam of pleasure and ill-suppressed satisfaction when some stately nabob returned his humble salutation? Perhaps you have not seen all this; for few of us are tempted to turn to peer into the face of a man with a rusty coat, or to ask, 'Who is that with the shabby hat?' but we all walk with wonderful elation, and step with complacent elasticity, when Mr. B —, that great Wall-street man, nods as he passes, and not a button of his immaculate wardrobe but we fondly register it in the brightest page of our memory!

Poor Ned Seymour! I remember his wedding-morning; how bright shone the sun, and the June leaves, how they trembled in the soft breeze, and threw quivering shadows on the green grass! How the galleries and aisles swarmed, and how envious criticism buzzed from lip to lip as the bridal train swept down to the altar! Can I forget the light figure that leaned upon his arm, the lovely head crowned with fresh flowers, and veiled in white, that bowed to the responses?

And why is it that my mind dwells so fondly on the memories of that sweet face? why does that glance of love and confidence, as they turned from the holy altar, so continually haunt me? or why does *he* still, when he muses over his happiest days, babble again and again, with fond yet sad iteration, of that lovely summer morn?

Ned and I had been boon companions for many pleasant years. We had taken our Saturday's ride many a time together, and had vied, on many a sunny afternoon, in building airy castles. I used to turn a most patient ear to his glowing eulogy of all the female virtues, as they

blended in the one woman he worshipped. I do believe, that so far as sympathy and untiring interest and continual charity go to the making of a friend, I was that faithful friend to Ned. Poor fellow! he had worn out many years of patient waiting; he had dreamed, and awoke to labor, and still dreamed on; and no year brought him any nearer to his wish. At last, Ned was desperate. His little salary, well saved as it had been, could only sustain him with the narrowest economy. I used to sit often, of a pleasant Sunday afternoon, listening to his fond calculations. 'Now I pay so much to my tailor, just to keep me in buttons, and I wear out my clothes so much faster because there is no one to take care of them; and then, you know, there are cigars and wines'—cigars and wines for him, who used to grudge the poorest coin he spent on his own little pleasures!—'and many other things that bachelors must have; and theatres, that I should n't care for, if I was married—why, really, I believe I could live cheaper with a wife than without one!' And then Ned's lucubrations became rather confused, and he would lapse into a long, dreamy monologue, to which I would listen in dutiful silence; and I could n't say no, and dare not say yes; and then Ned's cloudy castles became really so magnificent, as you see the heavy masses in the west blazing in gold and scarlet just as dark night steals on, that I clasped his hand, and wished him a bright future, and really hoped he would marry.

So Ned shut his eyes, and the lady named the day. All poor Ned's hard savings were drawn from the bank, hosts of friends were invited from city and country: Ned had one glorious wedding-day that he might dream of for a life-time of common days to come, and the happy couple spread their wings for a short flight among green leaves and along bright, rustling rivers, before they should fold them for ever in their gloomy city cage.

No wonder that Ned Seymour, when he stretches his tired limbs before the evening-fire—no wonder that he discourses with unflinching eloquence of that happy month! Even I, rusty old bachelor as I have become, with an ache and a pain for every wind that blows, without sister or mother—with hardly a female friend except the grisly Hecate who guards my bachelor fire-side, and mends with grudging care my worn habiliments—even I turn away from this bright scene with a strange, unusual feeling at my heart, and some drops will stand in the corners of my eyes, that come unbidden, and will not be wiped away.

Poor Ned came back to the stern drudgery of the counting-room: every day found him early at his post, and his pen flew with more than usual alacrity, and his laugh rang louder than ever, when the exacting genius of trade would let a laugh be heard; he received our merry congratulations with proud satisfaction, and when business hours were over, he took down his hat, and set out on his homeward way with an elasticity of gait that none of us could emulate.

Still, Ned rather neglected his bachelor friends, and we never could get him to join us in our uproarious meetings, as he used to do; but I could not blame him for that, when I dropped in, one dull evening, and found him in his chair so comfortably drawn up to the blazing hearth; the neat furniture so prettily arranged; the contented expression upon

his face, and the indefinable air of home that none but a wife's hand could give to his cosy little rooms.

How heartily was I introduced as the old friend of his boyhood, and how I was made to take the well-stuffed elbow-chair, and what gentle smiles of welcome played upon the young wife's cheek! Now, to tell the truth, I do not greatly delight in the company of young married people: the parade of happiness and the ostentation of love do not much enliven my own desolate heart: it is cruel to bring out the treasures of domestic happiness, and to flaunt them before the eyes that, if they understand, can only turn away in bitterness. These caresses and fond words, how unnecessarily they remind of the bare walls and loneliness at home! But there was nothing here of such display, and I found without trouble my own place in the family.

Ned still bent over his desk, and still his pen ran over the tedious columns, and still at evening he blithely took his way to Susy and home. But by-and-by, the wedding-suit began to show the well-worn threads, and neat stitches appeared here and there, and his laugh was less loud, and his steps lagged — only a little, but I saw it. And when occasionally I dropped in at the Sunday-dinner, the expedients of poverty became more obvious; although Ned was hardly less happy, and Susy was no less loving.

And Ned toiled on, till his shoulders stooped as you saw, and his stories ceased, and his laugh was hushed, and crow's-feet began to show themselves at the corners of his eyes, and Ned became a most excellent steady book-keeper, and there was no one who was more trusted by the firm. And gray hairs came early, and young spirits were subdued, and ambition had died, and Ned was still chained to his desk. So it was that he became the stooping, shabby, humble little man that you met on the shady side of Broadway.

Still my feet tread their accustomed path, each Sunday afternoon, toward Ned's lowly home. There still sits Ned, as glad as ever to greet me, and his arm falls from Susy's neck when he hears my ring. Then, with the hearty grasp, and the kiss from Sue, I am seated in my elbow-chair, and I look from him to her, and Ned still tells over his old dream of the wedding-morn. Susy's eyes are not so blue now, and the roses in her cheeks faded long ago; and her form is bowed, and her delicate fingers show the marks of the needle; still on one of them shines alone the modest wedding-ring, and I can hardly tell, while she looks with such trusting love into these poor, faded eyes, whether Susy is not as young now as on that bright June morning when she plighted her maiden faith.

Sometimes I talk over to Ned the bachelor times we spent together; but he answers me with a vacant yes or no, and then his bright June sun seems to rise again, and he prates of his boyish love. 'Ned,' said I, 'here you are now, old before your time; you were a clerk in a good business, a promising young man, with spirit and ambition, and excellent prospects: if you had not foolishly fallen in love, you would have pleased old Nuggett, the senior partner, and you might have married his daughter, Miss Constance, who, you know, more than half-fancied you; but you must marry for love, and love you have, Ned, as much

as sinful man can wish, but you must still carry the ledger like a mill-stone at your neck ; must still toil and groan for your poor pittance, without hope or chance of change ; must watch, day after day, your little means decrease ; must print your life's story in deep wrinkles on your brow ; must see care settling down, pale as death, upon your wife's fair cheek ; year after year you must watch all this, till your eyes are closed for ever.'

My heart smote me as I saw the big drop upon his cheek ; saw the spare figure writhing in the struggle with rebellious thoughts. Then a bright fire glowed in his dim eye — oh ! how many years it was, since last it lighted so !

'You see, John, my clothes are worn thin, and much patched, and I have forgotten how to laugh : and true it is, that care has changed me much since I was young, and poverty has crushed every bright hope, and weighed down ambition — yet, look here,' and he pulled from his bosom a miniature — a blue-eyed girl in white ; and a bridal veil covered her, as it were a halo, and through it there beamed such love, such confidence ! How the June leaves rustled then, and the bright light from heaven shone upon that wrinkled brow, and that bowed form rose erect, and the rusty apparel vanished, and my friend stood before me as when the world envied him, when he stood with that fair girl at the altar. 'Not one dimple, not one smile, or one grace has changed to me in her since then,' he murmured.

I went to my own rooms that night : the dead leaves whirled along the pavement, and beat upon my windows ; the coals glowed dull between the bars, and the chill wind stole in through the crannies : it was an ugly night, and I shrugged my shoulders and growled. My Hecate came slow to my summons, and wheezed and panted after the flights she had climbed. I tried to smoke : pah ! I stirred up the coals : they gave out a sulky flicker and went out, and it would be long before my attendant could resuscitate the flame. I sank back in my chair ; it had no comfortable corner. I tossed about in it, in fitful and weary reverie, and ever and anon would come flitting across my feverish dreams a shadow of a fair face, with soft dark eyes, that bent sorrowfully upon me. I brushed it impatiently away. Still would return that white face, overshadowed with dark-brown hair, and the melancholy eyes that gazed full at me ; still, although I covered my face, they looked through and through, and questioned my inmost soul. Still I writhed under that sad scrutiny ; and oh ! over what scenes, by shaded mountain-side, through crowded streets, by winding streams, they followed me ! Now it was a slender form, in a dark riding-habit, and the eyes turned to mine in faith and love ; now it was a figure dressed gaily for the ball — still the eyes followed mine ; and now a lady that bent over her work, as listening to some strange tale, her eyes rose to mine ; and then they turned to me again one farewell, backward look, and closed in long, long slumber.

Just then I started with a twinge from my gouty toe, and Hecate was standing there in mute amazement, amid a ruinous heap that had fallen from her hands ; and I rubbed my eyes lustily, and when I took my hands away, they were wet with tears.

THE TWO BETROTHALS.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

THE wide gable drops its shadow
Darkly on the sanded floor,
And I stand beside the window,
Where so oft we've stood before;
By the window where the berries
Of the vine grow large and bright,
And the wind is like thy fingers,
As it lifts my hair to-night.

Oh! the stars with dimples golden
Have filled round the blue above,
And the moon's white arms enfolden
The green meadows as in love.
And the earth wears all the glory
Which it wore that summer-night,
When I listened to your story,
In this window's shade and light.

And 't was all for girlish blushing
That my face was turned aside,
And my heedless fingers crushing
Up the berries, crimson-dyed;
And you must have seen their quiver,
Gently drawing them away:
'Mid the cool leaves of the creeper
Somewhat more than dew-drops lay.

Oh! your words were very tender,
And your voice was low and sweet
As the tones of my dead mother,
In the church-yard long asleep:
Very solemn was the plighting
Which the angels bowed to see;
For the pledge that you were asking
Was not lightly won of me.

But beside that window lofty,
When you stood, a later time,
Did the gorgeous curtains softly
Shade a fairer brow than mine;
And the gable dropped no shadow
Darkly on the marble floor,
But the turrets frowned above you,
And the massive walls leaned o'er.

Oh! they tell me she was fairer
Than the roses of her clime,
As her graceful head drooped nearer,
Listening to your words that time:

And before that lofty window
 That her broad lands stretched away:
 Mount, and vale, and dark-green meadow,
 Slumbering in the moon-light lay.

But I wonder if the shining
 Of the jewels in her hair
 Did not keep you strangely minding
 Of the rose I used to wear!
 And if all the mid-night reaching
 Of her locks her white neck down,
 Ever won such sweet caressing
 As have felt my curls of brown!

And beside this window often,
 With the gable leaning o'er,
 While the moon-light's fingers soften
 Its long shadow on the floor,
 Often do I stand at twilight,
 Praying that your path may be
 Gilded round with all that life-light
 Which will not be shared with me!

New-Haven, (Conn.)

D O G G E D, B Y S I N.

A TRUE TALE.

It might be questioned whether fiction, with all its extensive command of means to stir the soul and to fix it in breathless abstraction upon its verisimilitudes that are 'liker' than the truth, and with all its large range of action, so much larger than the truth's inasmuch as the ideal outstretches the real — whether, with all this illimitability of power and domain, it is superior to the truth in its impressions and efficiency. In fiction we thread with strained and anxious sense the mazes of artful plots, start and wonder at strange coincidences, revel in sympathy in ardent passions, luxuriate in the sweet richness of Elysian happinesses; but through all is diffused a cooling sense of airy unreality, such as accompanies our own day-dreams. And always the warmer glows our sympathy the nearer the tale approaches to known truth; the more it assumes the character of a development of one of Nature's great laws, or the more the parts begin to form themselves into a faint image of some scene in our life's history. But when in fact itself the hands of Providence silently work out, with all the preciseness and unity of a well-thought novel, one of those wonderful sequences that seemed to us possible only in romance, we are startled as if we meet embodied in solid, palpable matter the varied phantasms of our sleep.

The following story is an example of the execution of one of those heavy dooms that hang over sin, wrought out to a completeness on this side 'the veil,' which novelists have sometimes made the plan of their

most powerful romances, speaking the voice of Nature with more than Nature's forcibleness. Here Nature has, for once at least, loudly and clearly declared herself, and her own great voice strikes us with greater awe than the smaller tones of her half-guessing interpreters.

The chief personages of the story are, so far as known, men living still in the lower western corner of Maine, and the near portion of New-Hampshire, and would wonder to see detailed by an unknown hand a passage in their life over which memory broods in sadness.

Some fifty years ago, there lived in a town in the south-east corner of New-Hampshire a young mechanic, just beginning to earn his own subsistence, and promising, through wise frugality and strict fidelity, to accomplish this easily, and lay in store enough for his old age and bequests to his children. He was of instinctive good manners, frank in his communications with society, kind and sympathizing in his feelings. In form he was tall and symmetrical; his features finely cut, of a soft, dark hue; his eyes black and sparkling, deep set under a high forehead, upon the arch of which strayed curls of rich chestnut hair. His was just that appearance that suits the word *man*. He had been but a short time in the village before he began to attract the attention of the gentler sex. The more they grew to know him the stronger became their liking for him. With the old women he was the sum of all the virtues, and with the maidens the object of many a soft dream and warm desire. There was many a bright eye peeping round the inside window frame as he passed to and from his labor, and many a glance at church, that ought to have turned to the preacher, shot aslant to the young mechanic. In the cool of a summer's eve the voices whose hum came through the open doors and windows, were not unfrequently the old women's, chanting the praises of James Atwood: and to these the hearts if not the tongues of the listening maidens chimed in tuneful accordance.

One morning Mr. Gilder, one of a firm of jewelers of the town, found on opening his store that the door had been forced and a quantity of jewelry, in value from four to five hundred dollars, had been carried off. Strict inquiries were made, but no trace of the thief could be found. Certain small incidents led Mr. Gilder to fix his suspicions on James Atwood. He, with others, had always held James in good esteem, and he had not of course escaped the favorable influence that the strong siding of the gentler half of the village had had upon the sterner sex; but from causes that to others might seem worthless, and even to himself, on strict reflection, of uncertain weight, and from a feeling of assurance, as if he were on the right track, Mr. Gilder began to entertain gloomy doubts of the integrity and honorable dealing of the young mechanic. The expression of these doubts on one or two occasions set the houses of the village buzzing like rapped bee-hives. So Mr. Gilder was fain to keep silent, though none the less there brooded in his mind these dark suspicions that scowled heavily at James Atwood.

Thus things stood for some months. One morning there was a stir in the village, and a running from house to house. A horse had been stolen from the house where James Atwood boarded, and James him-

self was missing. This time there was small room for doubt. Indignant house-wives now opened restless batteries of invective against the double-faced hypocrite; and the reluctant heart of the maiden was forced to banish from the pure shrine of its affection the image of a fugitive horse-thief. On hearing of this occurrence, Mr. Gilder determined to pursue some course by which he might bring the thief to justice. On talking with the owner of the horse, and considering the long start the thief had, even if he were certain of his track, he thought it best to wait and decide his plan according to circumstances that might transpire. The man whom James lived with told him that the young man had left all his clothes in his room, and it seemed not unlikely that James would steal back some night to recover them. 'If he does,' said Mr. Gilder, 'whether it is at candle-light, at mid-night, or in the morning, I want you to call me, and I will follow him.'

CHAPTER SECOND.

ONE spring morning in the early part of March, long before day-light the jeweler heard a loud rap at his door. On opening the window he found the owner of the horse below with the news that James had been at his house during the night and gone off, taking his clothes with him. Little delay made the jeweler in dressing himself and harnessing his horse.

The roads were just bare, and the mud a good foot deep. The foot-steps of the flying man were plainly to be seen, but they were all on the side of the road, where the grass and ice made firmer footing, while the horse must go in the middle of the way. Through the whole day Mr. Gilder followed the tracks without catching a glimpse of his man. With difficulty did his horse plod twelve miles during the hours of day-light. At last, just at night-fall, he came to a man building fence by the side of the road. Stopping his horse he addressed him: 'Have you seen a foot-traveller along this way, Sir?'

'Yes, Sir; there is one in the house now, eating a bowl of bread and milk,' was the answer.

The jeweler dismounted and stepped to the door, and opening it — there was no porch to the house — his eye fell on James Atwood. At the moment of recognition James sprang from his chair, and, seizing a stick that lay by his side, made for the door. The jeweler sprang at him as he approached, warded off the blow that James aimed at him, and, seizing him by the collar, with the exertion of all his strength, brought him to the floor upon his back. Then, jumping upon his breast and planting his knees upon his chest, with both hands he grasped his throat and throttled him. Not a word passed between them, but they lay glaring into each other's eyes.

At the noise of the scuffle, the old woman of the house came running in, with both her hands clasped tight before her, and her eyes bigger than nature ever made them.

'What on *airth* is the matter? What on *airth* is the matter?' exclaimed she.

'What are you doing there, Sir?' growled the old man from the other door.

‘Do n’t be alarmed, my good people,’ answered the jeweler; ‘it is only a horse-thief I have caught.’

‘Oh! a horse-thief!’ said the old woman, letting down her hands, and letting in her eyes with a sigh. ‘Well, I’m glad you got him then.’

‘If it’s a horse-thief,’ said the old man, ‘I won’t have any thing to do with him.’

Means were taken to secure the captive for the night. In the morning the jeweler was at a loss how to carry the criminal safely home. After a little meditation he cut the lacing that tightened the waist-band of the young man’s trowsers above his hips, and in those days supplied the place of suspenders. Thus letting down the pantaloons below his feet, he seated him on his horse, sure that if James got off the horse and tried to run he would find himself like a fly in molasses, or like ‘puss in boots.’ No trouble occurred on the journey. James resigned himself with all the passiveness of sin in despair.

At the next session of the criminal court James Atwood was found guilty on two indictments — for horse-stealing and burglary. In those days the penal code of New-England generally retained that harshness and inequality of punishment which it had derived from England, and which till very lately was a part of the judicial system of the latter country. James Atwood, as a horse-thief, might be branded in the forehead or sold to service as a marine. There was no chance for the prosecutors to avail themselves of the latter alternative, and when they thought of the youth of the accused, and looked at his manly features, they could not bring themselves to scorch in his brow the stigma of crime, which like a cancerous spot must always be eating in and consuming the high ambitions and strong hopes of vigorous manhood, and mar to all observers the pleasing handiwork of nature. The two accusers agreed to release the young man on condition that he would give them each a bond to pay them sums of money as he was able, until a certain amount was completed. To this the condemned assented, eager at any risk to escape the hard fates of servitude or branding which the law threatened him with; and only too joyful to evade the necessity of seeking the better of two such hopeless prospects, on terms so easy and so flattering to his self-pride.

Alas! for James Atwood the day that he bound himself to pay in silver the losses and penalty of his sin! He thought his whole crime lay between man and man; and when mutual agreements had quieted the difference between him and his persecutors, then all things were reinstated. He forgot the offended majesty of Nature, who offers but one way of pacification. The Nemesis, in her inexorable justice, was to be satisfied by complete self-abasement alone. Well for him if he had utterly subjected himself in self-contempt and lowliness, till he felt a warm glow of saddened contentment growing up in his heart, Nature’s pledge that she was satisfied, and not to think that by the sacrifice of the mere good of this world he could hold to the dignity of a manhood he had dishonored; that he could salve a wounded sovereignty with dollars, and ward off the iron blow of the stern GUARDIAN of the moral laws by the bending straw of human adjustments. Hear the rest of his

history, and see how the Nemesis repaid on him at last the penalty of his sin a double portion in her aggrieved vengeance.

CHAPTER THIRD

Soon after agreeing to the terms of his release James went to Boston and began his business there. His affairs soon prospered, and his old hopes and imaginings stole back into him. The sin of an impulsive and thoughtless youth buried in the dust, he would begin thereon to build the structure of his life in strength and beauty. He did not think the dead might turn in its grave with superhuman strength and shake to ruins the fair building over it.

For two or three years things went on quietly, and with his increasing ability to appear in neat habit and in respectable relations in society grew his hopefulness and self-assurance. At his employment he stood among his fellow-workmen as an equal, and his faithfulness and zeal made them look upon him with more than mere indifferent tolerance. He came by degrees to assume the superiority that lay implied in all their demeanor toward him. In the world outside, when each threaded among the mass toward his own peculiar ends, he went with the others, a single self among the thousands, treated with the forbearance and careless courtesy that the unknown, self-wrapped passers yield to a similar alienate mystery that stalks in living body by them. Thus grew up a dignity of thought and feeling of self-sufficient power within him which belongs to healthful manhood, and is the stimulating principle of forcible action, the foundation that supports all hope and contentedness.

One day as he was passing through the streets, a form went by unnoticed like many others, and James was going on his way in his own thoughts, when a voice sounded in his ears that set his knees trembling under him, and drew a curtain like night across his eyes. It seemed to him like a voice calling away out of his past years, full of boding to him :

‘James Atwood ! James Atwood ! where are you going so fast ?’

He needed but to turn to see what he felt, the presence of the jeweler beside him.

‘Well, my boy, you are finely dressed up, ain’t you ? Where did you get this smooth dandy coat, this dainty umbrella, and the watch that I suppose is hanging from the end of this chain ? Have n’t forgotten some jewelry of mine you made acquaintance with once, have you ? Come, I’ll take these things, and any money, too, if you have the article. I do n’t know but, according to agreement, the clothes ought to be thrown in also.’

According to the agreement he had no right to claim a single thing in this way. But James was amazed and bewildered, and felt himself in the jeweler’s power. He gave him his pocket-book and umbrella, but he held the watch close in his hand.

‘Come, come ; give us the watch. A horse-thief has no business to carry a watch. Honest men can hardly do that.’

‘It is my brother’s, Sir, and I cannot give it away.’

'Give it away! ha! ha! You owe it to me, man. Let me have it, I say. If you want it again, why just leave twenty dollars at my hotel, and I will leave the watch for you.'

Thus they separated. What black, crushing incubus lay on James Atwood's heart none but the doomed can tell. The young dawning brightness that was just cheerfully lighting up his inner being was swallowed up in a black night. Two heavy hands seemed pressing in the walls of his brain, and he cared not if they fell inward.

The next day the jeweler found twenty dollars at the office of the hotel left in lieu of the watch.

The jeweler returned home congratulating himself with his shrewdness and his success. He had made a journey to Boston and back and made money by it. The purse he expected to empty had grown fuller, a thing that did n't happen often short of fairy land.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

TIME went on. Days and even years as they came and went found the jeweler seated before his shop-window, prying with goggled eye into the yellow machinery of a watch, and with shining steel tool in his hand picking among its dainty bands and wheels, and so they left him. The dust was gathering on his upper shelves on old yellow-looking *silver* castaways; in white begrimed cases brass wheels were staring through glass faces down upon the customers, and half-legged or headless images standing in noble defiance through the minute fall of dust that was constantly showering upon them. The jeweler himself was growing more crooked, and the events of his youth seemed to him like pictures through a mist. Old familiar faces would come at stated hours in the day and, resting on the door to his sanctum at the end of the counter, tell him gossip just as they had done for years, and the jeweler would answer them with one eye shut and the other squinting through a microscope.

One day a man came in with an umbrella in his hand and a great-coat on, though 't was neither cold nor raining. He looked over the railing into the jeweler's coop, and seeing the jeweler there over a watch,

'Holloa! neighbor Gilder,' he bawled, 'how are you to-day?'

'Holloa! holloa! neighbor Smith, when did you come from down East?'

And so they went on asking and re-asking, till the whole list of acquaintance on each side and the remarkable events in each town were run through.

'One thing, though, I forgot to tell you,' said Mr. Smith, laughing, after they were through with all there was to tell, and he could think of nothing more, 'our neighborhood had an increase the night before I came away; Deacon Stone's daughter presented her husband with a little music-box in a flannel wrapper.'

'Deacon Stone's daughter? Whom did she marry?' said Mr. Gilder.

'Oh! I forgot. You had a little interest there in your younger days,

did n't you? Why, she married a young fellow that came down our way. Fine fellow he was, too. Deacon Stone took a liking to him and set him up in business. Mary did n't think that was reward enough for his merits and good looks, and so she gave him herself. His name is Atwood — James Atwood.'

'James Atwood!' said the jeweler, as if musing; 'James Atwood! When do you go back again, Mr. Smith? Perhaps I'll go with you.'

'In two or three days. What's started you so quick?'

'Oh! nothing. It seems to me as if I should like to see the old place.'

Would that he had wanted to see nothing more!

The first thing the jeweler did on arriving 'down east' was to ask the tavern-keeper where James Atwood lived. It was quite late in the evening, and the landlord told him that the very man had just gone out of the bar-room, and if Mr. Gilder would wait till morning he would be sure to find him at the house. Mr. Gilder concluded to wait, and soon after went to rest for the night.

In the morning, as he was standing on the platform in front of the tavern, the landlord came out, and pointing him to a man that stood a little distance off, told him that that was Mr. Atwood. The man was standing with his back to Mr. Gilder, and the latter was close upon him before he spoke, and bade him 'Good-morning.' The man turned and politely answered the greeting, but with a look of wonder and inquiry.

'Don't you know me, James? I am Mr. Gilder. You remember me at P — h.'

An ashy paleness shot over the whole of the man's face, and he fell to the ground as if a heavy blow struck him. Mr. Gilder was alarmed.

'Do n't be afraid, James, I won't hurt you. Be a man and get up.'

'For God's sake, Mr. Gilder, what do you come hunting me up for? If you have any mercy for me, any sympathy with a husband and father, keep this miserable secret quiet. I will give you all you can ask; my store with its goods is free to you; all that you can take without exposing me is yours if you will only go off and leave me alone.'

Mr. Gilder was avaricious, but, some how or other, he didn't feel like taking all James offered him. If James would make him up about a hundred dollars in money and goods he would be satisfied.

In a day or two all was arranged, and Mr. Gilder departed for home. The stage he rode in was heavy with his luggage. He could hear parcels jumping on the stage-top, feel it swaying the stage from behind, and his finger ends in his pockets could feel the swelling in his pocket-book. But this feeling and hearing made him sort of uneasy; he had rather beat with his fingers on the elbow-rest, and look out of the window at the landscape. He didn't see but he had a right to the property; there was the agreement between him and James Atwood in his breast-pocket, where was written in as plain terms as a lawyer could write it, the promise of James Atwood to pay him certain sums of money, with James Atwood's own name underneath in his own hand-writing. And had n't he let it run on for a long time without being so strict as the law allowed him to be? And then, when he

applied to James Atwood, had n't he let him pay in goods what the law said was to be wholly paid in money, and that, too, without taking all the law allowed him? He did n't know why he should feel so uneasy, when there was so little to blame himself about. For all his reasoning the thought, and more still the *feeling*, of his baggage made him fidgety. He was experiencing, what too many experience without profit, that 'the law' and the conscience are not always the same; that a principle of generosity and broad-heartedness enters into the justice of the natural constitution; that the gross material system of human judicatory could never hold in its artificial syntheses; that the human soul with its laws was framed long before man legislated, and its object of obedience was rather its own moral sense; and that, transfer its fealty as much as you can to the worded principles of legal right and honesty, the divine consciousness of the soul makes a sigh in the heart when the standard of obedience falls short of its first implanted ideal of duty. Alas! that Mr. Gilder was not the only man that has felt this incomplete satisfaction of duty; and alas! that he was not the only man that has been blind to the cause of it. Alas! that the packages on top that at times went to pounding the roof like fifty frantic base-drummers, were beating to him a far-off and indistinct tune!

When Mr. Gilder arrived at home and had gotten all the things nicely set in a row in his store-room, and had hung up a smooth Sunday suit of clothes in his chamber closet, he began to feel a little pleasanter. Soon the sight of them would diffuse a soft, warm glow round his — stomach that would make his palms itch to be rubbed together.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

SOME years after, Mr. Gilder was to be found still working back of his front shop-window. His hair was turning white now, and his tongue getting all the garrulity of old age. He liked to talk of things he had seen or heard; and would tell old stories by the hour to the friends that dropped into the shop, working away all the time at his watches and jewelry, and they leaning on the counter or railing, quietly drinking in his words, or listlessly dreaming with him, but of something else.

One day an acquaintance came in and sat down by the side of him to pass away a leisure hour or so, and soon, from interchange of questions and remarks, the old man was led into a whole maze of past events, which came forth for the edification of the neighbor. His mind was away in the midst of the scenes of his tales, and forgetting all present scruples or determinations, he came upon the events of his past life with James Atwood; and the more interest the hearer showed at the narrative, the more minutely did the old man picture the details. Mr. Gilder never once thought, nor did any thing but the reminiscences of the events dwell in his mind for after-thoughts; so he never recalled that the man who was his listener was the son of the neighbor from whom James Atwood stole the horse, and who received a bond equally with him. This son had found among his father's papers such a bond, but

did not then understand it. He said nothing to the jeweler, but soon rising up, left the shop.

It was a few evenings after, that, in the bar-room of a tavern of the village, there sat before the fire that blazed high in the chimney a group of men, apparently travellers. Their thick heavy over-coats were hanging around on the wall, dripping dark stains upon the floor, for it was rainy — and some were steaming their boots before the fire. They all sat quietly looking into the fire, and the silence was only now and then broken by the loud talk of the landlord giving directions to the hostler, or trying to make conversation with some of the guests. Shortly, there was a trampling of feet in the entry, and the sound of loud voices. A party of men entered the room, and, after much noisy profanity and jokes, approached the bar and ordered liquors. Amid the tinkling of glasses and the gurgling of decanters, they kept up their loud talking, telling rough stories and embellished falsehoods, between whiffs of smoke and the general tipplings.

‘Well, now, I guess I’ve got the easiest way of any of you to raise fifty dollars or so, when I want it,’ said a heavy voice among them, that was well matched to a shaggy black beard, and sharp black eyes under a lowering forehead.

‘How’s that?’ exclaimed two or three.

‘Well, you see, there was a chap, a number of years ago, stole a horse from my father. He was rather a likely young fellow, and the old man thought it was rather hard to brand him in the forehead — the law let them do that in those days — and so he agreed to let him go, if he would give a paper to pay back the worth of the horse in a certain time, or when he was able. When the old man died, I found this note among his papers, and put it aside, for I didn’t know what to make out of it. But I was in at old Gilder’s shop the other day, and he got a-talking and told me how he had a paper from the same fellow — for the chap stole jewelry from him — and how he had seen him twice since, and both times had got money and other things from him. Now, you see, when I am in a strait, I am going to take this paper and start off down-east, where this James Atwood is — that’s his name — and I’m just going to draw the money out of him.’

All the bar-room had been listening to this story; but there was one man by the fire that might have been seen to start at the name, and lean forward to catch the remainder. Soon after, the bar-room was dark and quiet, and the fire flickering out of the ashes to show an empty room.

The next day, a neighbor of James Atwood’s was travelling homeward, with the news of the man’s dishonesty itching at his tongue’s end.

In all the village where James Atwood lived, on the next morning after this man’s arrival, men were gathering in knots and talking close together at the corners, young children were stealing to school, half in a tremor, staring at the passers-by with deep, awe-struck faces; old wives and maids were heaving long, unfathomable sighs, and lifting earnest eyes to heaven in the cottages. James Atwood’s store was shut up, and people looked at it as if it were a haunted dwelling. The

doors were all closed down at James Atwood's white cottage, and in the sun-light that lay warm about the door no children were playing. The woodbine hung heavy and solemn over the entrance.

That same night, in the shadows, a form might have been seen gliding out of the town, and in the morning, a widow's weeping and lamentations amid her orphans was heard in James Atwood's cottage.

The father had fled, like Cain, from the presence of his sin.

The old jeweler who told this story through the trembling lips of nerveless old age, said: 'My heart is heavy to this day, when I think how much I had to do with making that fatherless family!' Leave him with the apologies of a misconceived rule of right, and the self-interest that trade generates, and turn to the moral.

M O R A L .

Among the punishments of the Spanish inquisition, one was to confine the victim in a narrow cell, from the roof of which fell every moment a drop of water, that the tenant in vain twisted and writhed to escape; it came upon him sure as fate, each time like a globule of hot burning lead. The terrible invention of Rome's vengeance on her heretics, is no too over-wrought a symbol of the certain fall of His wrath, whose messenger the Greeks called Nemesis.

S.

T H E H O U R O F E V E .

SWEET, oh! sweet is the early Morn,
When darkness and day-light meet,
Ere light has come, ere darkness gone,
Oh! then 't is sweet, 't is sweet!
When the birds troll forth their hymns of joy,
And the bright dew decks the lawn,
And the flow'rs kiss the breeze as it saunters by
In the gentle hour of morn.

And lovely it is, the cheerful Day,
When the noon-tide sun shines down
On the busy world as it rolls away,
On ocean, on forest, and town;
When all mankind are awake and abroad,
Joyous, and happy, and gay;
Jogging together o'er life's long road,
In the glorious light of day.

But sweeter than all, and lovelier far,
Is the hour of Eve serene!
When the lights of Heaven troop, star by star,
Around their radiant queen:
While she, fair Moon, from there on high,
Seems (in our souls) to say,
'Come, oh! come to my quiet sky,
From earth and from care away!'

A S K E T C H F R O M M E M O R Y .

'AND, conscious of the past employ,
Memory, bosom-spring of joy.'

COLERIDGE.

OUR noble ship swung lazily at her anchor in a quiet bay on the coast of Peru. There was nothing about us of peculiar interest to a casual observer. A large open bay in which our gallant craft floated in magnificent solitude; on the beach, about half a mile from us, a small town, the most conspicuous points of which from our position were a few red-tiled roofs (most of the roofs were thatched) and the solitary church-steeple. A short distance back from the beach cliffs suddenly arose to the height of about two hundred feet, and extended in one long unbroken line, like a horizon of stone, for miles along the bay. The sea presented one broad expanse of lovely blue, unbroken by island, reef, rock, or bar: the land, a dry, monotonous, parched appearance, without one redeeming patch of green. But yet, as I half reclined in the bridle-port, enjoying the flavor of my after-breakfast segar, as well as the cool breeze which, though it was winter with us, (Phœbus having driven his flaming chariot as far away to the north as his bounds would permit,) was most grateful to my northern frame, and gazed dreamily down into the bosom of Ocean, as if to spell out some of its hidden secrets, the scene had an effect upon my imagination far beyond what the dull reality might seem to warrant.

To the west spread the vast bosom of the Pacific; and as my gaze melted away in the distant ocean my mind sped on until it rested among those lovely isles, the gems in that magnificent zone of waters. Aromatic breezes fanned my senses as, reclining on the flowery banks beneath the lovely, stately groves of cocoa-nut and palm, I listened to the music of babbling rivulets mingled with the gay laugh of dusky bathers, and feasted my eyes on the thousand beauties which bounteous nature had so liberally scattered, from the surf-washed coral and shelly beach, up to the awe-compelling mountain-summit, from whose cavernous throat in ages gone by death and destruction rolled upon the lovely valleys below.

But, half-awakening from this dream, a change in my position brought the hard, sterile outlines of the shore before my eyes — for the moment, barren no more to me. 'T was the Inca's sun that warmed me. I saw troops of Indians, in their dresses of cotton gaudily stained with the life-blood of a curious little shell-fish, which, though caught 'under the line,' formed one of the articles of trade throughout this vast empire; the inhabitants of which, albeit ignorant and *innocent* of the policy and politics of Europe, and in consequence called, forsooth, barbarians, presented a picture of a happy people, whose industry surrounded them with the comforts and many of the elegancies of life, procured often in the teeth of an obstinate nature. And of a government beneficent and just, than which none other has cared so deeply for the rights of the

aged, the orphan, and the widow. I saw the plains covered with waving crops, watered from streams which Nature had placed leagues away, but which the intelligence and industry of the Indian had brought to his doors. But soon came the propagators of Christianity and civilization, the cross in one hand, the sword in the other ; the Gospel on their lips, avarice in their hearts. Then followed a scene of ruin, war, and bloodshed. As the smoke and dust passed away and the red surges of war subsided, I discerned again the poor Indian, living, but no longer happy and free ; laboring, but in the fields of his master. I saw the stern usurper heaping up gold and crimes. I saw the galleons of the old world, richly freighted with the treasures of the new, parting the waves majestically on their homeward course. The vesper-bell chimed in a thousand valleys, and the poor Indian knelt, a Christian ; of course, in that one act a thousand times repaid for the loss of fortune, country, friends, and self. But as I gazed upon his dull and stony eye, and noted the abjectness of his figure, I doubted if the change had been for the better ; I doubted if the knowledge that with hand and knee he must perform a certain part was sufficient to compensate him for all his losses. But ere long I saw the avenger coming. This accumulation of ill-gotten wealth whetted the appetites of less fortunate adventurers, who often tore from their grasp their coveted treasures. I saw the galleons of the oppressors captured, rifled, and sunk by their vulture foes ; their towns burned and churches plundered. The very spot where then I dreamed had been thus visited : the inhabitants were employed in their devotions ; their foes arrived and landed ; they were driven to the mountains, and the town was sacked.

I was interrupted in my reverie by the arrival of a mess-mate, who called back my thoughts to the present. He proposed that I should accompany him and two or three others on an excursion to a neighboring village to be seen at the distance of about ten miles on the other side of the bay. We knew not what beauties might be concealed within its walls, and he proposed that we should enlighten ourselves thereon ; beside this, we might have a pleasant sail there and back, which would help while away the day. In addition to these reasons he adduced others of a more casual nature, to wit : that as the markets in our vicinity were not over-stocked, we might be enabled to replenish our larder by a foray upon our more distant neighbors. As my duties did not occupy me for that day, I incontinently acceded to his proposition.

It was not long before the boatswain's mate's pipe was heard calling away the 'second launch,' followed by his voice hastening the laggards. As we expected a 'soldier's wind,' we took but half a dozen men with us, and were soon gliding away from our noble craft, with its frowning tiers of guns, upon our course. The wind was light, and we fanned lazily along ; but we had the day before us, and a stock of segars (to say nothing of the beverage 'which cheers,' but oft 'inebriates') on board, so, each armed with one between his teeth, we flung care to the dogs, and determined to hoist in as much comfort as possible. We chatted of home and friends ; of our cruise, and wondered when it would terminate ; of politics, of course, or we would not have been true Americans, how little soever we might be personally interested in them ; of

the surrounding country; and, in short, of every thing of jest or earnest that first entered our heads. And thus we glided on past those steep, monotonous cliffs until, almost before we were aware, we neared our place of destination. We ran on till just outside the surf we dropped our anchor. How, now, are we to reach the shore? No boat is to be seen along the sand. Two or three of the natives, half-breed Indians, are busy transporting some rough logs down to the beach. What men of giant strength must they be! They take a log twenty feet in length and one in diameter in their arms and carry it with ease. Four or five of these logs are laid abreast of each other and secured together with rough grass rope; a little platform laid across the middle; one shove from a couple of men, who then jump from the water to the logs, each one with a pole in his hand, and in a few moments the 'balsa,' light as a cork though ungainly in form, is gallantly breasting the surf.

This impromptu ferry-boat was soon along-side, and after having (with the assistance of a very small stock of *impure* Castilian) settled with our dusky Charons (who knows, they may have been lineal descendants of the children of the sun!) we, with some perturbation be it confessed, mounted the little platform erected for our accommodation a few inches above the surface of the balsa. Our boatmen, by means of their long poles, impelled us swiftly toward the shore; the end of a rope used in securing the logs steadied us sufficiently to retain our footing as, like a dancing feather in lightness, we shot over the surf. As we neared the beach the men sprung over-board, and seizing the balsa ran the ends of the logs well on the sands, so that we could walk dry-shod on shore. Halting for a few moments, we saw our boatmen cast adrift their rope fastenings and drag the logs upon the beach. The balsa of the present day is no improvement on the vessel of the same kind used in the time of the Incas. In fact, no improvement can be made. For cheapness and facility of construction nothing of the kind can equal them. For buoyancy, also, they are remarkable; the wood of which they are made called the 'balsa' wood, being the lightest known. The Indians used to pass from one end of the coast to the other on them in carrying on their traffic with the different provinces. They are burthensome, sail quite well, and even beat to windward in these smooth waters. We then shaped our course inland over the sands until, after wading in this tiresome manner for a quarter of a mile, we entered the precincts of the little town of Colan.

Let it not be supposed, however, that we were now enabled to carry our forms erect over a solid pavement of stone or brick, sheltered from the burning rays of a tropical sun by the umbrageous shade of trees, or of the more homely awning, the produce of the cunning hands of man. No; we were evidently not among the descendants of the bustling, progressive Saxon. The spaces left in towns between the rows of houses for the accommodation of man and beast, commonly denominated streets, were here left as dame Nature had made them, ankle-deep in sand. The houses were principally formed of bamboos forced in the sand, secured together with strips of hide, and the interstices filled up with mud and sticks. In height they were seldom over one story, and the roofs were thatched. Shops there appeared to be none, with the

exception of three or four that had a bunch of withered twigs over the door, the usual sign in Spanish countries that 'vine' and 'aguardiente' were for sale there. What business the inhabitants followed for a livelihood would have puzzled more acute observers than ourselves, and we often asked each other the question, 'What on earth do these people do for a subsistence?' With the exception of a few old women at work weaving ponchas, every one seemed idle, lying listlessly about on the sand or swinging in grass-hammocks. The fleas and ourselves were the only things that appeared full of life. I have often noticed this fact in my wanderings, that wherever the fleas were most active the men were most lazy. I have looked upon this circumstance as providential; for were it not for the circulation kept up by these minute irritants, I fear the human bipeds would, soon, from sheer forgetfulness, cease to exist. In front of about every other door was a pet game-cock, secured by the leg to a stake. This same lazy and thriftless disposition seems to encourage blood-thirsty and cruel natures; and these poor game-cocks, of themselves gallant and noble birds, are kept and trained by their indolent masters that they may slay each other for their Sundays' gratification. How disgusting this to an enlightened, say nothing of a *Christian* mind!

There is one employment, however, which Nature has *forced* upon these people, namely, the procuring of fresh water. There is not a drop within about ten miles: and as it never rains here, cisterns are of course out of the question. All that is used, therefore, has to be brought on the backs of donkeys. It is this want of water which gives the country so barren an appearance; for not a green thing is to be found. What induced people to settle here, is a matter of wonderment; and the cause of their remaining, if it be *not* laziness, is inexplicable. We unanimously concluded, that 'in all our goings to sea'—of all the places we had ever visited, this was the one most devoid of interest and beauty. This sentiment had no sooner been voted, than we were fain to admit our precipitancy. A careless glance into an open door-way before which we were passing, was suddenly changed into an earnest and admiring gaze. The advancing muscles were checked, as if the spell of some necromancer had instantaneously changed them to stone.

Just within the door-way, enchantingly slumbering among the meshes of a cool, yielding grass-hammock suspended a foot above the floor, lay a being of surpassing loveliness. Barely fifteen summers in this torrid clime had sufficed to clothe her form with the most fascinating graces of the woman, without depriving it of the freshness of childhood. The parted lips, like two jealous roses moist with the freshness of early morning, just betrayed the even, pearly rows which Nature had placed to guard and ornament this instrument, made to discourse naught but notes of sweetness, melody, and love. 'T is true, the fire of her native sun, unchecked by embowering tree or spreading vine, had shaded her delicate brow and cheek; but it had not impaired the exquisite softness of her skin, and to the eyes of some, in fact, gave an idea of richness which imparted an additional beauty. One foot, with the tiny slipper just caught on its extremity, hung carelessly over the depressed side of the hammock, sufficient to show that Nature had here been

unsparing of her gifts, and had not hesitated until she could pronounce the work *perfect*. For our beating hearts and throbbing pulses attested that from the glorious crown of dark-brown braided hair to the tip of her enchanting, seductive little slipper, perfection reigned. But suddenly, by some mesmeric influence, doubtless, which nearly every one has often experienced, the long, silken lashes rose — one flash of those dark eyes conveyed to their owner the knowledge of her position, and in an instant she had gracefully risen to her feet, (as lightly as doth the sea-bird rise from its rest on the swell of a crested billow,) the flush on her mellow cheek and sparkle in her eye acknowledging her appreciation of our silent homage. 'Ah!' said I to W —, 'the spell is broken; I breathe again!'

'Aye,' answered he, 'but be careful, or you'll find that the spell has been broken physically, to be bound only the more closely mentally; that your limbs have been set free, only to enchain your heart!'

By this time, we were within the threshold. I had suddenly formed a desire to smoke, and it was requisite to have the wherewith to light my segar. So, pulling one from my case, with the most complimentary Spanish I could muster, I asked the señorita *por un poco de fuego*. As she kindly hastened to oblige me, 'Hang it!' said I to Charley, 'how provoking that I cannot express myself fluently to this divine creature! I have but one consolation: that you are equally unable to address her.'

'Humph!' said Charley, 'I think it is truly fortunate that your acquirements in Spanish are so limited; else I fear you would purchase yourself a grass-hammock, a game-chicken and a poncha, and settle down here as a family-man, under the lee of one of these sand-hills.'

'Wretch!' I muttered — but she had returned, and before her sunny smile my vexation at Charley's banter vanished, as a cloud which momentarily obscures the sun.

After toying with time to the utmost in lighting my cigar, I told her that as I was a foreigner, I begged she would excuse any seeming want of courtesy; that, could my lips compass the depths of her sweet language, it would be insufficient to express the feelings of my heart. As she was blushing hesitating for an answer, (the mantling flush rising to her cheek ere the words could reach her lips, as the pale beams of the moon first mellow the darkness of night, ere she herself in queenly majesty rises above the horizon,) we were most unpleasantly interrupted by a new arrival. The startled expression of the young girl, '*Mi Tía!*' at once explained the relationship of the new-comer; whose piercing eyes, and wrinkled face, unsoftened by a single gleam of kindness of heart, the very quintessence of acerbity, was a certain index of her disposition. In a sharp manner she asked us, 'What is your business, gentlemen?' I told her as simply as possible, that we had desired but to light our segars, and offered a '*puro*' for her acceptance. She took it, slightly mollified; but as I glanced around, I found to my despair, that my fair enchantress had fled, and here had this old hag taken her place! So fair visions and foul night-mares chase each other through our minds, when Sleep holds empire over us! So, for a moment, in the ocean, you view with delight the graceful, brilliant dolphin; one dart,

he has vanished ; and his place supplied by the pirate shark, hungry after his prey.

I turned, as in a dream, and almost unconsciously followed on with my hand on Charley's arm. The remarks of my companions were unnoticed. 'Fair vision !' I apostrophized, 'with what an intoxicating effect have you burst upon my 'wildered senses ! Whence came you ? Who are you ? I know not the name that the holy father pronounced at your baptism, so I will name you '*Mi Alma*'—my soul—for there you have indelibly impressed your image ; like the reflection of the rock in the mirrored waters beneath, it is always there. Other causes may ruffle the surface and cause the image to disappear for a moment, but it is only hidden in the depths ; the first still interval, and it reappears in all its calm and holy beauty. '*Mi Alma* !' I will think of you by that name ; I will implore and supplicate you in my dreams by that name ; I will pray for you by that name ! I leave to those rude people by whom she may be surrounded, her every-day name ; that will do for her every-day friends, in every-day life ; but to me, she is '*Mi Alma* !' No one knows her by that name, and with it I will ever recall her image to my imagination. What if we never meet again ? I have seen her once, and that once is to me for ever ! Henceforth I will dote upon her memory, and ravish my soul with the remembrance of her charms. Does Nature fill my mind with beauty ? that beauty will take her form. Does the soft murmuring of the forest entrance me with melody ? 't is because in it I hear the music of her voice. In the stillness of the night-watch at sea, do the stars seem fraught with intelligence, and do I in answering to their sympathizing regards hold silent converse with them ? 't is because in them I feel *her* pitying glance. Do odoriferous groves of roses and hyacinths, with creeping honeysuckle, overpower my senses ? 't is because in imagination, my head pillowed on her bosom, her sweet breath fans my heated brow, and I languish with delight. I will seek the lonely places aloft, at sea, and watch the clouds weaving mystic garlands round thy name ! On shore, I will wander far from the filthy traffic of men, and lay me down upon the beach where the mysterious element gently washes the sands, for there I will hear the spirit of the wave softly whispering thy name, '*Mi Alma* !'

Here a hearty slap on the shoulder interrupted my rhapsodies, and Charley burst in with :

'Avast there, mess-mate ! won't that kind spirit be sufficiently obliging to whisper the *unt*'s name, occasionally ?'

I was thunderstruck ; in my absent mindedness, I had been dreaming aloud ! Fortunately, we had sauntered on alone, and no one else had heard me. Before I could express my vexation, he interrupted me with :

'Why, old fellow, I would not have believed that a man who had been knocking about the world for the last dozen years, as you have done, should have such soft, romantic spots left in his heart !'

'I don't see,' said I, 'why, because one has travelled far and seen much, he should look upon mountains and valleys merely as so much earth ; regard the heaving ocean simply as a vast expanse of water ; or, still less, glance carelessly and unmoved upon the graceful form and

features of a lovely woman, the crowning glory to the beautiful in creation. Why should we depopulate the woods and glens, the seas, heavens, and winding rivulets of the fancied creatures of our imaginations, and look upon all but as so much earth, air, wood, and water, formed of such and such component parts? Still less, why should we divest each fair being that we meet, of that mantle of womanly virtues of which her face may be the index? Hang this spirit of materialism! say I: I'll none of it! There is already about us too much of this matter-of-fact, plodding, reducing-things-to-first-principles sort of life.'

'Perhaps so; but think you that while you are dreaming, there is no danger that you may neglect some of the important duties of life, or that you may become unfitted for its rough buffetings and stern realities?'

'I hope not, Charley; I have never yet been so carried away by my meditations, as not to 'rise tacks and sheets' at the proper time. I don't allow myself to be fancy-smitten until I have time to spare; and to prove it to you, I'll bet you I'll beat the launch' (which, by the by, had preceded us on our trip) 'back to the ship.'

It was amusing to see the sailors beating down over the sand: one with a load of onions, another a basket of eggs; one poor fellow bothered with a vigorous turkey under each arm, each flapping his wings lustily, reminding us of 'Barney's brig,' caught in a squall 'with both main-tacks aboard'; and others again, with bunches of chickens, all cracking their jokes upon each other, and full of fun as the ship's pet pig after the pipe to dinner.

Both boats were soon under way, but the wind was light and baffling, being the interval between the land and sea-breezes. The launch stretched away outside, while we kept in under the land; in consequence, when the land-breeze set in as evening fell, we caught it first, and were enabled to run our course with an easy sheet, while the launch, when she got it, was so far to leeward as to be obliged to beat. We soon had as much wind as we wanted; and our boat, which was large and schooner-rigged, flew through the flashing water as I held back on the weather-helm, dashing onward toward the Southern Cross, which gleamed, placid and beautiful, ahead.

It was not long before we mounted the side of our floating home, and descended to refresh ourselves in our quarters, and recount to our mess-mates the events of our cruise. The launch did not arrive till long after us; and without waiting her return, I retired to my lonely berth to rest, and in my dreams again to enjoy the blissful companionship of '*Mi Alma*.'

THE BITTER NIGHT.

All night we stood beside his bed;
All night, with broken sighs,
We sadly turned his aching head,
And wished the morn would rise.

His little hands, so thin and pale,
His eyes, half-closed with pain;
Without, the wailing autumn-gale,
And cold November rain:

The great trees rocking in the blast:
Ah! soon it all was o'er;
The little heart that beat so fast
Could beat for us no more.

For ere the morn its beams had lent,
Upon his little hand
He laid his cheek, and softly went
Into the better land. H. W. R.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW for the July Quarter. Boston: CROSBY, NICHOLS AND COMPANY. New-York: C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.

WE shall doubtless be considered as somewhat 'late in the day' with our notice of the current number of our venerable Quarterly; but the explanation is a very simple one; the notice was crowded out of our last number. The articles, including the usual cluster of briefer 'Critical Notices,' are twelve in number, and are upon the following subjects: Mr. BELLOWS' Sermon on 'The Moral Significance of the Crystal Palace;' WHITTIER's Writings in Prose and Verse; 'Records of the Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay in New-England;' 'American Hospitals for the Insane;' 'The Works of JOSEPH ADDISON;' 'A History of the Island of Cuba, its present Social, Political, and Domestic Condition; also its Relation to England and the United States;' 'ROGET's Thesaurus of English Words;' 'The Chinese Rebellion;' 'MARTINEAU's Translation of COMTE's Philosophy;' 'Annual of Scientific Discovery, or Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art, for 1854;' and 'The Literature of Youth;' with twenty brief 'Critical Notices' of recent publications. The review of Dr. BELLOWS' Address upon the theme of the Crystal Palace has very little to do with that eloquent production, but is rather an essay, in itself apart, although upon a cognate theme. It is admirably written, as the subjoined passage (illustrating the point that the artificially disclosed qualities of matter have an equal, frequently a higher, utility and charm, than the materials in a natural condition) will sufficiently attest:

'THE pavement on which we tread was part of a shapeless mass of stone, cropping out from some hill-side. As one feature of a picturesque scene, breaking up the monotony of smoothly-sloping ground, contrasting its solidity with the light grace of tree and stream, and its neutral color with the unvaried green around, it would have reminded us of the MAKER's wisdom. New, clearer signs of his forethought are revealed, however, when the rock is quarried, and we find that by the forces in operation many ages since, the stone was cleft into thin, smooth plates, and even cut by Nature into perfect parallelograms. We pause before a suburban villa. The wood of which the house is composed was beautiful and serviceable in its native state. Not to mention the vital necessity of its chemical influence, a tree is a marvel of strength and grace; it is a servant of man, patiently standing and holding out its living baskets of fruit, and holding up its regal canopy; it is a palace of the birds, domed, windowed,

and draped, for their abode. But the trees have hidden capabilities for human habitations; they can be cut into shining smoothness, put together into combined strength, carved into ornamental shapes, the whole process resulting in an artificial growth, more varied and useful, and equally symmetrical. In the Gothic order, the curving lines of native beauty are preserved; in other styles, the rectangular form, with its severer moral significance, is substituted. And the compactness and fine texture of the tree are more evident now that it is transformed; the rough-bound book is opened; we read its fair pages, and wonder that Nature has helped us to build our roomy homes out of mere gases and liquids. The frail tenement, when completed by a fair coating, which is made from gross earths and ores, and may be mixed to any shade which the most fastidious fancy may choose, seems converted to marble, or freestone, or even to a huge prism of gray basalt, or an opaque crystal of yellow topaz. Nay, its connection with the gross earth is cut off, and its terrestrial nature laid aside; it is associated with the heaven of home, and the tall column and casing are glorified shapes, when contrasted with the rough body of a tree, rooted in the ground. And the same pleasure, in view of an imagined change from a lower to a higher stage of existence, is felt when the material is brick or stone; the inorganic clay or rock appears to be gifted with life, and to be growing up, day by day, into form; it is raised from dust and darkness, to enjoy a limited immortality in the sun-light.

There are sermons in stone buildings, books in bricks, and good in every thing. All needful transfigurations of substance are but little lower than angelic. And although it be a change to less external beauty, yet the higher human purpose served lends a higher beauty; so that an unsightly telegraph-pole may be more noble than the tree from which it was formed, and a city may be grander than a forest. It is no new sentiment that the loveliness of a landscape is less than that of the human virtues its soil may nourish, and that the glory of the sea is not so great as that of the commerce which floats upon it. The universe is not simply a gallery of paintings for our diversion; it is a great school of design, of industry, and of holiness, for the development of souls.

Evidently, the final combination of many materials in a finished dwelling entered into the plan of creation; qualities were put into matter for this precise end among others. With this faith, we will not loiter at the porch of the villa, but enter it. The door-lock has an elasticity, polish, and power that were not in rough ore, and were received in the process of manufacture. We look, perhaps, through a hall-window, stained with gold-color, and behold Nature sublimated to fairy-land or the luminous loveliness of Paradise; the glazier's mere mechanic art has secured

‘THE light that never was on sea and land,
The consecration and the poet's dream.’

We tread upon a carpet, the fibres and hues whereof were once interesting as the clothing of sheep, the scarlet of cochineal insects, and the various colors of chemical production; nevertheless, the combining of these in a fabric of fair pattern and mossy surface, to be pressed by the sovereign step of civilization, creates for the humble substances a beauty as royal as that of a flowery field, and a dignity as great as that of a courtier's mantle spread in the pathway of a queen. All the kingdoms of nature, the animal, vegetable, and mineral, lend their contributions to a floor-carpet, be it neither Wilton nor Axminster, only a cheap double-ply; all the fairies brought their gifts in the natal hour of its invention, although the hag of ruinous extravagance, instead of the witch of good-fortune, may have flung her shoe after it. The wall and wall-paper were originally sand, lime, cotton, and earths; now, mingled, smoothed to a surface as delicate as the lily's, or starred with constellated patterns, and lit with reflected sunshine or the soft light of lamps, our rooms inclose us around in a narrower sky, fair as a white veiled heaven suffused with moon-light.

Had we but space, we should be glad to follow the writer throughout his extended *catalogue raisonné*, but as it is, we must refer the reader to his arguments in detail, in the Review itself.

In the paper upon ‘WHITTIER and his Writings,’ justice is rendered to that ‘strong-minded,’ forcible, often exquisitely imaginative, and at all times thoroughly American poet. We quote two or three paragraphs:

‘THE Quakerism in which WHITTIER was reared, and which he has always professed, stands, as we have already said, in strange conflict with the belligerent tone of many of his writings. We should hardly have expected so rude and martial a strain from the quiet, drab-coated professor of the mild tenets of his sect. Perhaps his tone is more in accordance with the spirit of the early founders of the denomination than the comparatively uninteresting dullness of the modern type. Of late years, the Quakers

have lost their desire for propagandism, and have become more accommodating and worldly-wise. But in early times, no sect had so zealous and wide-awake champions as the Society of Friends. GEORGE FOX, JAMES NAYLER, and even WILLIAM PENN show that their Quakerism had not wholly subdued their combative tendencies. . . . We are naturally led, from the consideration of our author's Quakerism, to that strong religious fervor which is manifested in every part of his writings. So deeply-rooted is it, and apparently so blended with his imaginative powers, that in some of his productions one can hardly tell which predominates. His religious views embrace a simple faith in the Quaker doctrine of the inward light, combined with an intense apprehension of the brotherhood of man. In order to show his devotional spirit, we quote the concluding stanza of 'The Quaker of the Olden Time:'

"O SPIRIT of that early day,
So pure, and strong, and true!
Be with us in the narrow way
Our faithful fathers knew!
Give strength the evil to forsake,
The cross of Truth to bear,
And love and reverend fear to make
Our daily lives a prayer!"

'The poems entitled 'FOLLEN,' 'Questions of Life,' 'My Soul and I,' and others of a similar kind, are exquisite in their delicacy of thought and expression, and show a wrestling with some of the gravest and most perplexing questions that come under the consideration of meditative minds.

'WHITTIER rarely writes without being so impressed with some strong feeling, that he cannot fail to awaken a corresponding emotion in his reader. Of this his verses written in memory of his friends bear witness. We would refer emphatically to the 'Lines to a Friend on the Death of his Sister,' and to the perfect poem entitled 'Gone.' For the same reason, he writes with such energy as not to give himself much concern about the customary ornaments of poetical diction. His imagery, when he introduces it, comes without an effort, as the natural accompaniment of his verse, never obtruding itself on the reader's attention, or seeming other than an essential part of the whole.'

'THE free and dexterous use of proper names is another characteristic of our poet. With an affluence of these his extensive knowledge supplies him, and he displays uncommon skill in weaving them harmoniously into his verse. Even the long sesquipedalian Indian words present no insuperable difficulties. There is something strangely impressive in the effect of the introduction of a melodious or sonorous name, particularly if it indicates a place of which we have no personal knowledge. The imagination is touched in that vague and mysterious way in which it delights, and the burden is put upon the reader of supplying the requisite beauty or sublimity to fill out the supposed conception of the author. In this art MILTON is the great master, and he had his originals in the epic poets of antiquity, while GOLDSMITH furnishes a rather ludicrous instance in the well-known line,

"On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,"

the locality of Pambamarca never having been precisely ascertained. In 'The Bridal of Pennacook,' WHITTIER, describing the Indian marriage-feast, gives us the following tempting bill-of-fare:

"STEAKS of the brown bear, fat and large,
From the rocky slopes of the Kearsarge;
Delicate trout from Babboosuck brook,
And salmon speared in the Contoocook;

"Squirrels which fed where nuts fell thick,
In the gravelly bed of the Otternic;
And small wild hens, in reed-snares caught,
From the banks of Sondagardee brought;

"Pike and perch from the Suncook taken,
Nuts from the trees of the Black Hills shaken;
Cranberries picked in the Squamscot bog,
And grapes from the vines of Piscataquog."

'Of WHITTIER's prose style we have already spoken at some length. It is classical, vigorous, and never dull, with a vein of humor running through it, which lacks *abandon*, and seems somewhat inflexible and metallic. We subjoin, as favorable specimens of his humor, two anecdotes from the 'Supernaturalism of New-England':

'Nearly opposite to my place of residence, on the south side of the Merrimack, stands a house which has long had a bad reputation for ghosts. One of its recent

inmates avers most positively that, having on one occasion ventured to sleep in the haunted room, she was visited by a child-ghost, which passed through the apartment with a most mournful and un-babylike solemnity. Some of my unbelieving readers will doubtless smile at this, and deem it no matter of surprise that a maiden's slumbers should thus be haunted. As the old play-writer hath it:

“‘SHE blushed and smiled to think upon her dream
Of fondling a sweet infant (with a look
Like one she will not name) upon her virgin knees.’

“‘There was a print of the *Enemy*, which made no slight impression upon me when a boy; it was the frontispiece of an old, smoked, snuff-stained pamphlet, the property of an elderly lady (who had a fine collection of similar wonders, wherewith she was kind enough to edify her young visitors,) containing a solemn account of the fate of a wicked dancing-party in New-Jersey, whose irreverent declaration that they would have a fiddler if they had to send to the lower regions after him, called up the fiend himself, who forthwith commenced playing, while the company danced to the music incessantly, without the power to suspend their exercise, until their feet and legs were worn off to the knees! The rude wood-cut represented the demon-fiddler, and his agonized companions literally *stumping* it up and down in cotillions, jigs, strathspeys, and reels.’

“In a different vein are his reflections upon the sight of a parson, showing his tendency to wander from the most common-place suggestion into the remote regions of his favorite speculations:

“‘In certain states of mind, the very sight of a clergyman in his sombre professional garb is sufficient to awaken all the wonderful within me. My imagination goes wandering back to the subtle priesthood of mysterious Egypt; I think of JANNES and JAMBRES; of the Persian Magi; dim oak groves with Druid altars, and priests, and victims, rise before me. For what is the priest even of our New-England, but a living testimony to the truth of the Supernatural and the reality of the Unseen — a man of mystery, walking in the shadow of the ideal world, by profession an expounder of spiritual wonders?’

An elaborate article upon ‘Cuba and the Cubans,’ as set forth in the work thus entitled, written by our correspondent, the popular author of ‘The St. Leger Papers,’ and Mr. EVERETT’s ‘Letter to the Comte de SARTIGES,’ follows the papers upon American Insane Hospitals, and the ‘Writings of ADDISON.’ It is a well-digested synopsis of the facts embraced in the productions of which it treats. In the article upon the ‘Use and Misuse of Words,’ we find this passage; and we venture to say, that here in Gotham no twenty literary gentlemen, of capable taste and culture, could together pronounce upon its propriety, without instancing the especial bard *par excellence* to whom it applies:

‘PASSION, in the minds of the anarchists of letters, instead of being poured through the intellect to stimulate intelligence into power, frets and foams into mere passionate-ness. It does not condense the faculty in which it inheres, but diffuses the faculty to which it coheres. It makes especial claim to force; but the force of simple sensibility is a pretentious force, evincing no general might of nature, no innate, original, self-centred energy. It blusters furiously about its personal vigor, and lays a bullying emphasis on the ‘Me,’ but its self-assertion is without self-poise or self-might. The grand object of its tempestuous conceit is to make a little nature, split into fragmentary faculties and impulses, and disporting a convulsive feebleness in a slushy expansiveness of language, look like a great nature, stirred by strong passions, illumined by positive ideas, and directed to definite ends. And it must be admitted that, so far as the public is concerned, it often succeeds in the deception. *Common-place, although crazed into strange shapes by the delirium-tremens of sensibility, and uttering itself in strange shrieks and screams, is essentially common-place still; but it often passes for the frenzy and upward, rocket-like rush of impassioned imagination.* The writer, therefore, who is enabled, by a felicitous deformity of nature, to indulge in it, contrives to make many sensible people guilty of the blasphemy of calling him a genius; and if he have the knack of rhyming, and can set to music his agonies of weakness and ecstasies of imbecility, he is puffed as a great poet, superior to all the restraints of artistic law, and is allowed to huddle together appetite and aspiration, earth and heaven, man and God, in a truculent fashion peculiarly his own.

‘The misuse of words in this literature of ungoverned or ungovernable sensibility

has become so general as to threaten the validity of all definitions. The connection between sign and thing signified has been so severed, that it resembles the logic of that eminent master of argumentation, of whom it was said, 'that his premises might be afflicted with the confluent small-pox without his conclusion being in any danger of catching it.' Objects are distorted, relations disturbed, language put upon the rack to torment it into intensity, and the whole composition seems, like TENNYSON's organ, to be 'groaning for power,' yet the result both of the mental and verbal bombast is simply a feverish feebleness, equally infecting thought and style. Big and passionate as are the words, and terrible as has been their execution in competent hands, they resolutely refuse to do the work of dunces and maniacs. The spirits are called, but they decline to come. Yet this resounding emptiness of diction is not without popularity and influence, although its popularity has no deep roots, and its influence is shallow.'

We had thought to make a few suggested remarks upon the paper on 'The Literature of Youth,' but our limits forbid. For this and other unnoticed articles in the '*North-American*,' we point to its own fair pages, of most satisfying typography.

SUNNY MEMORIES OF FOREIGN LANDS. By MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, Author of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' etc. In two volumes: pp. 758. Boston: PHILLIPS, SAMPSON AND COMPANY.

THE late lamented Colonel STONE, so long one of the editors of the *Commercial Advertiser* and *New-York Spectator*, once made an amateur dinner-orator very ridiculous by representing him as standing up at the head of a long table, and pulling from 'the deep Charybdis' of his coat-pocket a written speech of some six pages of fools-cap, commencing his 'spontaneous effort' with: 'Mr. Chairman and gentlemen; being *unexpectedly called upon*, I rise to say a few words,' etc., etc. A loud and prolonged laugh 'took the starch out of him' in a moment, and he was entirely unable to go on with his manuscript. Something like this 'unpremeditated' dinner-speech must be considered such of the 'Letters' in these volumes as were avowedly written by Mrs. STOWE after she arrived at home, who was more indebted for 'what was passing *before* her' to her memory than to her immediate observation. On this point our contemporary, *The Albion*, has expressed the obvious thoughts of nine out of ten of the readers of these 'Sunny Memories': 'Her reminiscences 'are penned in the shape of letters to her relatives in this country; but there is scarcely a single one among them that has the genuine twang of the mail-bag in it. They seem as though they were composed at leisure; not as though they were flung off, fresh from the writer's mind, during the rare intervals for correspondence afforded by her incessant occupation, her rapid movements from place to place, and her ill-health, which is not seldom hinted. The world enjoyed its quiet laugh when Miss BREMER told it that her letters on America were not intended for publication. Perhaps it may even smile at so great a genius as Mrs. STOWE, when it has reason to doubt if her letters were ever written at all—at the dates and places assigned to them. And gallantry forbid that we should hazard such a surmise on mere internal evidence, which we might very easily misinterpret. The lady's candor is our warrant. She says in her preface that 'the Letters were for the most part compiled from what was written at the time and on the spot:'

and as though this were not sufficient to disturb one's faith, she adds, with remarkable *naïveté*: 'Some few were entirely written after the author's return!' Just imagine a book-maker seated quietly in her boudoir in Massachusetts, exuberating in sentiments (apparently spontaneous) on foreign art, or scenery, or men, or institutions, and then quietly dating them at an interval of eight or ten months, and a distance of three or four thousand miles! Such small fraud puts one out of humor. You look for an honest record of impressions, and you find a got-up composition, set-off with quotations and guide-book lore. At the same time you are apt to be confused as to what is real and what is assumed. In off-hand writing, one would scarcely have met on neighboring pages such contradiction as meets one here; though it is not surprising when part of a narrative is penned on the spot and at the moment, part compiled, and part added.'

But, all this aside and apart, the volumes are extremely pleasant reading. True, the good lady admits that she has given every thing *couleur de rose*, but she asks, naturally enough: 'Why not? These 'memories' are the impressions, as they arose, of a most agreeable visit.' How could they be otherwise? 'To admire and love,' she adds, 'may now and then be tolerated as a variety, as well as to carp and criticise. America and England have heretofore abounded toward each other in illiberal criticism. There is not an unfavorable aspect of things in the Old World which has not become perfectly familiar to us; and a little of the other side may have a useful influence.' From this honest expression of intention, we are not left at a loss to discern the *quo animo* of the author. We pass, however, to a few extracts; for much will she 'grace her cause by speaking for herself.' Our first extract is a long and not very savory one, but it contains the very best description we have ever seen of the transforming powers of the dreadful '*nausea-marina*.'

'You remember our ship-launching parties in Maine, when we used to ride to the sea-side through dark pine forests, lighted up with the gold, scarlet, and orange tints of autumn. What exhilaration there was as those beautiful inland bays one by one unrolled like silver ribbons before us! and how all our sympathies went forth with the grand new ship about to be launched! How graceful and noble a thing she looked, as she sprang from the shore to the blue waters, like a human soul springing from life into immortality! How all our feelings went with her! how we longed to be with her, and a part of her — to go with her to India, China, or anywhere, so that we might rise and fall on the bosom of that magnificent ocean, and share a part of that glorified existence! That ocean! that blue, sparkling, heaving, mysterious ocean, with all the signs and wonders of heaven emblazoned on its bosom, and another world of mystery hidden beneath its waters! Who would not long to enjoy a freer communion, and rejoice in a prospect of days spent in unreserved fellowship with its grand and noble nature?

'Alas! what a contrast between all this poetry and the real prose fact of going to sea! No man, the proverb says, is a hero to his *valet de chambre*. Certainly, no poet, no hero, no inspired prophet, ever lost so much on near acquaintance as this same mystic, grandiloquent old Ocean. The one step from the sublime to the ridiculous is never taken with such alacrity as in a sea-voyage.

'In the first place, it is a melancholy fact, but not the less true, that ship-life is not at all fragrant; in short, particularly on a steamer, there is a most mournful combination of grease, steam, onions, and dinners in general, either past, present, or to come, which, floating invisibly in the atmosphere, strongly predisposes to that disgust of existence which in half an hour after sailing begins to come upon you; that disgust, that strange, mysterious, ineffable sensation which steals slowly and inexplicably upon you; which makes every heaving billow, every white-capped wave, the ship, the people, the sight, taste, sound, and smell of every thing a matter of inexpressible loathing! Man cannot utter it.

'It is really amusing to watch the gradual progress of this epidemic; to see people

stepping on board in the highest possible feather, alert, airy, nimble, parading the deck, chatty and conversable, on the best possible terms with themselves and mankind generally; the treacherous ship, meanwhile, undulating and heaving in the most graceful rises and pauses imaginable, like some voluptuous waltzer; and then to see one after another yielding to the mysterious spell!

'Your poet launches forth, 'full of sentiment sublime as billows,' discoursing magnificently on the color of the waves and the glory of the clouds; but gradually he grows white about the mouth, gives sidelong looks toward the stairway; at last, with one desperate plunge, he sets to rise no more!

'Here sits a stout gentleman, who looks as resolute as an oak log. 'These things are much the effect of imagination,' he tells you; 'a little self-control and resolution,' etc. Ah, me! it is delightful when these people who are always talking about resolution get caught on ship-board. As the back-woodsman said to the Mississippi River about the steamboat, they 'get their match.' Our stout gentleman sits a quarter of an hour, upright as a palm-tree, his back squared against the rails, pretending to be reading a paper; but a dismal look of disgust is settling down about his lips; the old sea and his will are evidently having a pitched battle. Ah! ha! there he goes for the stair-way; says he has left a book in the cabin, but shoots by with a most suspicious velocity. You may fancy his *finale*.

'Then, of course, there are young ladies—charming creatures—who, in about ten minutes, are going to die, and are sure they shall die, and do n't care if they do; whom anxious papas, or brothers, or lovers consign with all speed to those dismal lower regions, where the brisk chambermaid, who has been expecting them, seems to think their agonies and groans a regular part of the play.

'I had come on board thinking, in my simplicity, of a fortnight to be spent something like the fortnight on a trip to New-Orleans, on one of our floating river-palaces; that we should sit in our state-rooms, read, sew, sketch, and chat; and accordingly I laid in a magnificent provision in the way of literature and divers matters of fancy-work with which to while away the time. Some last airy touches in the way of making up bows, disposing ribbons, and binding collarets had been left to these long leisure hours as matters of amusement.

'Let me warn you, if you ever go to sea, you may as well omit all such preparations. Do n't leave so much as the unlocking of a trunk to be done after sailing. In the few precious minutes when the ship stands still, before she weighs her anchor, set your house, that is to say your state-room, as much in order as if you were going to be hanged; place every thing in the most convenient position to be seized without trouble at a moment's notice; for be sure that in half an hour after sailing an infinite desperation will seize you, in which the grasshopper will be a burden. If any thing is in your trunk it might almost as well be in the sea, for any practical probability of your getting to it.

'Moreover, let your toilet be eminently simple, for you will find the time coming when to button a cuff or arrange a ruff will be a matter of absolute despair. You lie disconsolate in your berth, only desiring to be let alone to die; and then, if you are told, as you always are, that 'you must n't give way,' that 'you must rouse yourself' and come on deck, you will appreciate the value of simple attire. With every thing in your berth dizzily swinging backward and forward, your bonnet, your cloak, your tip-pet, your gloves, all present so many discouraging impossibilities; knotted strings cannot be untied, and modes of fastening which seemed curious and convenient when you had nothing else to do but fasten them, now look disgustingly impracticable.'

There is a world of observation and wisdom in many of our author's passing comments upon what she sees that is un-American to her in England. Take the following for example: 'A man builds a house in England with the expectation of living in it and leaving it to his children, while we shed our house in America as easily as a snail does his shell. We live a while in Boston, and then a while in New-York, and then perhaps turn up at Cincinnati. Scarcely any body with us is living where they expect to live and die. The man that dies in the house he was born in is a wonder. There is something pleasant in the permanence and repose of the English family estate which we in America know very little of.' This is precisely what we have always greatly affected. We never would change a house or a servant if it were possible to avoid it. A home is *no* home which is in one place to-day and another to-morrow. Mrs. Stowe inculcates many other things upon her

countrymen which she saw in England; and among the rest the general love and veneration of trees:

'TREES here are an order of nobility; and they wear their crowns right kingly. A few years ago, when Miss SEDGWICK was in this country, while admiring some splendid trees in a nobleman's park, a lady standing by said to her encouragingly, 'Oh! well! I suppose your trees in America will be grown up after a while!' Since that time another style of thinking of America has come up, and the remark that I most generally hear made is: 'Oh! I suppose we cannot think of showing you any thing in the way of trees, coming as you do from America!' Throwing out of account, however, the gigantic growth of our western river bottoms, where I have seen sycamore trunks twenty feet in diameter—leaving out of account, I say, all this mammoth arboria, these English parks have trees as fine and as effective of their kind as any of ours; and when I say their trees are an order of nobility, I mean that they pay a reverence to them such as their magnificence deserves. Such elms as adorn the streets of New-Haven, or over-arch the meadows of Andover, would in England be considered as of a value which no money could represent; no pains, no expense would be spared to preserve their life and health; they would never be shot dead by having gas-pipes laid under them, as they have been in some of our New-England towns; or suffered to be devoured by canker-worms for want of any amount of money spent in their defence.

'Some of the finest trees in this place are magnificent cedars of Lebanon, which bring to mind the expression in Psalms, 'Excellent as the cedars.' They are the very impersonation of kingly majesty, and are fitted to grace the old feudal strong-hold of Warwick, the king-maker. These trees, standing as they do amid magnificent sweeps and undulations of lawn, throwing out their mighty arms with such majestic breadth and freedom of outline, are themselves a living, growing, historical epic. Their seed was brought from Holy Land in the old days of the crusades; and a hundred legends might be made up of the time, date, and occasion of their planting. These crusades have left their mark everywhere through Europe, from the cross-panel on the doors of common houses to the oriental touches and arabesques of castles and cathedrals.'

At a breakfast in the 'West-End' Mrs. STOWE meets, among others, with MACAULAY; and with an extract from this portion of her work we must close our notice of 'Sunny Memories:'

'MACAULAY's whole physique gives you the impression of great strength and stamina of constitution. He has the kind of frame which we usually imagine as peculiarly English; short, stout, and firmly knit. There is something hearty in all his demonstrations. He speaks in that full, round, rolling voice, deep from the chest, which we also conceive of as being more common in England than America. As to his conversation, it is just like his writing; that is to say, it shows very strongly the same qualities of mind.'

'MACAULAY is about fifty. He has never married; yet there are unmistakable evidences in the breathings and aspects of the family circle by whom he was surrounded that the social part is not wanting in his conformation. Some very charming young lady relatives seemed to think quite as much of their gifted uncle as you might have done had he been yours.

'MACAULAY is celebrated as a conversationalist, and, like COLERIDGE, CARLYLE, and almost every one who enjoys this reputation, he has sometimes been accused of not allowing people their fair share in conversation. This might prove an objection, possibly, to those who wish to talk; but as I greatly prefer to hear, it would prove none to me. I must say, however, that on this occasion the matter was quite equitably managed. There were, I should think, some twenty or thirty at the breakfast-table, and the conversation formed itself into little eddies of two or three around the table, now and then welling out into a great bay of general discourse. I was seated between MACAULAY and MILMAN, and must confess I was a little embarrassed at times, because I wanted to hear what they were both saying at the same time. However, by the use of the faculty by which you play a piano with both hands, I got on very comfortably.

'MILMAN's appearance is quite striking; tall, stooping, with a keen black eye and perfectly white hair—a singular and poetic contrast. He began upon architecture and Westminster Abbey—a subject to which I am always awake. I told him I had not yet seen Westminster; for I was now busy in seeing life and the present, and by-and-by I meant to go there and see death and the past.

'MILMAN was for many years dean of Westminster, and kindly offered me his services to indoctrinate me into its antiquities.

'MACAULAY made some suggestive remarks on cathedrals generally. I said that I thought it singular that we so seldom knew who were the architects that designed

these great buildings; that they appeared to me the most sublime efforts of human genius.

'He said that all the cathedrals of Europe were undoubtedly the result of one or two minds; that they rose into existence very nearly contemporaneously, and were built by travelling companies of masons, under the direction of some systematic organization. Perhaps you knew all this before; but I did not, and so it struck me as a glorious idea. And if it is not the true account of the origin of cathedrals, it certainly ought to be; and, as our old grand-mother used to say, 'I'm going to believe it.'

'Looking around the table and seeing how every body seemed to be enjoying themselves, I said to MACAULAY, that these breakfast-parties were a novelty to me; that we never had them in America, but that I thought them the most delightful form of social life.

'He seized upon the idea, as he often does, and turned it playfully inside out, and shook it on all sides, just as one might play with the lustres of a chandelier to see them glitter. He expatiated on the merits of breakfast-parties as compared with all other parties. He said dinner-parties are mere formalities. You invite a man to dinner because you *must* invite him; because you are acquainted with his grand-father, or it is proper you should; but you invite a man to breakfast because you want to see *him*. You may be sure if you are invited to breakfast, there is something agreeable about you. This idea struck me as very sensible; and we all, generally having the fact before our eyes that *we* were invited to breakfast, approved the sentiment.

'Yes,' said MACAULAY, 'depend upon it, if a man is a bore, he never gets an invitation to breakfast.'

'Rather hard on the poor bores,' said a lady.

'Particularly,' said MACAULAY, laughing, 'as bores are usually the most irreproachable of human beings. Did you ever hear a bore complained of when they did not say that he was the best fellow in the world? For my part, if I wanted to get a guardian for a family of defenceless orphans, I should inquire for the greatest bore in the vicinity. I should know that he would be a man of unblemished honor and integrity.'

Our author writes well and appreciatively upon art, and shows that she *feels* as well as *observes* its beauties. Her volumes are illustrated with several excellent wood-cuts of scenes and objects which she witnessed while on her travels, and the paper and printing are unexceptionable. If she had omitted altogether the long introductory matter, from the English newspapers, describing her various 'professional' receptions, we think it would not have been deemed bad taste by even the most rabid of her anti-slavery admirers.

HISTORY OF CUBA: or Notes of a Traveller in the Tropics. By MATURIN M. BALLOU. In one volume: pp. 230. Boston: PHILLIPS, SAMPSON AND COMPANY.

THE feeling which prevails in the United States, in relation to the acquisition of Cuba, which, whether acquired by conquest or purchase, is in our judgment simply a question of time, will doubtless cause a wide sale for works which treat in detail of the 'Queen of the Antilles.' The volume before us is a political, historical, and statistical account of the island from its first discovery to the present time, and is replete with authentic and valuable information, much of which falls little short of romantic interest. Mr. BALLOU's volume opens with an elaborate survey of the history of Cuba, from the time of its discovery by COLUMBUS, winding up with a political disquisition on the immediate future of the island. The author explains the views of those who believe in the existence of a secret treaty between Spain, France, and England, by which Spain is guaranteed the perpetual possession of the island on condition of her carrying out the abolition views of the British Government. The conviction is general that the Africanization of

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Cuba has been resolved on, and that there is no probability of a peaceful solution to the question, by the sale of the island to the United States. The most intelligent residents live in constant dread of a convulsion more terrific and sanguinary than that which darkened the annals of St. Domingo. The measures which have signalized the administration of General PEZUELA show the determination of the Spanish government to emancipate the slaves, and bring the colored and white population into a state of social equality, so that any revolutionary movement would enkindle a war between the two races, terminating in the extinction of the whites. The author's descriptions of the scenery, manners, customs, etc., of the island, are graphic, and show him to have been an accurate observer, with a true eye for the picturesque. We give two brief extracts, one descriptive of the *volante*, (a carriage which we should like to see introduced into the streets of our beloved Gotham,) and the other affording a clear picture of sugar-making in Cuba :

'The volante, that one vehicle of Cuba, has been several times referred to in the foregoing pages. It is difficult without experience to form an idea of its extraordinary ease of motion, or its appropriateness to the peculiarities of the country.* It makes nothing of the deep mud that accompanies the rainy season, but, with its enormous wheels, six feet in diameter, heavy shafts, and low-hung, chaise-like body, it dashes over and through every impediment with the utmost facility. Strange as it may seem, it is very light upon the horse, which is also bestridden by the postilion, or *calisero*. When travelling any distance upon the road, a second horse is added on the left, abreast, and attached to the volante by an added whiffle-tree and traces. When there are two horses in this style, the postilion rides the one to the left, leaving the shaft-horse free of other weight than that of the vehicle.

'When the roads are particularly bad, and there is more than usual weight to carry, of baggage, etc., a third horse is often used, but he is still placed abreast with the others, to the right of the shaft-horse, and guided by a bridle-rein in the hands of the *calisero*. The Spaniards take great pride in these volantes, especially those improved for city use; and they are often to be met with elaborately mounted with silver and in many instances with gold, wrought with great skill and beauty. There were volantes pointed out to the writer, of this latter character, in Havana, that could not have cost less than two thousand dollars each, and this for a two-wheeled vehicle. A volante equipped in this style, with the gaily-dressed *calisero*, his scarlet jacket elaborately trimmed with silver braid, his high jack-boots with silver buckles at the knee, and monstrous spurs upon his heels, with rowels an inch long, makes quite a dashing appearance, especially if a couple of black-eyed Creole ladies happen to constitute the freight. Thus they direct their way to the Tacon Paseo, to meet the fashion of the town at the close of the day — almost the only out-door recreation for the sex.'

'The sugar-cane (*arundo saccharifera*) is the great source of the wealth of the island. Its culture requires, as we have remarked elsewhere, large capital, involving as it does a great number of hands, and many buildings, machines, teams, etc. We are not aware that any attempt has ever been made to refine it on the island. The average yield of a sugar-plantation affords a profit of about fifteen per cent on the capital invested. Improved culture and machinery have vastly increased the productiveness of the sugar-plantations. In 1775, there were four hundred and fifty-three mills, and the crops did not yield quite one million three hundred thousand *arrobas*, (an *arroba* is twenty-five pounds.) Fifty years later, a thousand mills produced eight million *arrobas*; that is to say, each mill produced six times more sugar. The Cuban sugar has the preference in all the markets of Europe. Its manufacture yields, beside, molasses, which forms an important article of export. A liquor, called *aguadiente*, is manufactured in large quantities from the molasses. There are several varieties of cane cultivated on the island. The Otahitian cane is very much valued. A plantation of sugar-cane requires renewal once in about seven years.'

The volume is well-printed upon good paper, and illustrated with several clearly-executed wood-engravings. It is worthy of a better cover, let us hint to the publishers, than one of mere paper.

* "WHEN I first saw the rocking motion of the volante as it drove along the streets, I thought 'That must be an extremely disagreeable motion!' but when I was seated in one, I seemed to myself rocked in a cloud. I have never felt an easier motion." — MISS BREMER'S LETTERS.

EDITOR'S TABLE

'A SABBATH-DAY'S JOURNEY AMONG THE GREEN MOUNTAINS' brings our 'Up-River' correspondent again before our readers. 'Where'er he goes, or how he fares,' is a matter of interest to all his friends, and 'their name is legion.'

'JULY THIRTY-FIRST. — Rode twenty miles through the mountains to go to church. It was a Sabbath-day's journey to be sure, but time well spent. The sun was veiled in clouds, and the air a-tempered to a delicious coolness, after the insufferable heats of the dog-days. A shower over night had allayed the dust, the grass had been newly cut, and the hills rejoiced on every side. We sallied forth at seven o'clock in the morning, and our course lay along the Winooski River, with mountains on the right hand and on the left. At the junction of Dog River and the Winooski we passed an admirable bathing-place for those who are privileged to live in that vicinity. High banks shield it from observation, impervious corn-fields hedge it around; the shallow stream descends over a bed of pebbles into a rock-girdled basin, where the water is copious and one may dive deep without striking his head against a snag. I tried the bath here a few days before, and found it good. Winooski River is warm, but the River Dog is as cold as ice, and you can go, like the Russians, from a hot bath to a cold, and standing at the confluence of the streams you are like a paralytic man, one half of whose body is warm and the other cold.

'At Middlesex is an awful gorge. The bridge spans a narrow chasm, and you look down a hundred feet or more where the water has gnawed its way, and the rocks are literally honey-combed. On either hand you have the palisades on a small scale, but vast fragments are hurled all about, and the jagged cliffs, with their over-beetling pines, the water-falls and foaming rapids diversified with little black pools in the midst of the mountainous region round about, render the scene one of the wildest imaginable. We were shown a mill-stone in the bed of the gully, deposited many years ago, during a freshet, in the very spot where the white habitation irretrievably went to pieces, floating miles and miles 'away from its dam.' There was a mass of high irregular rocks where the river took a sudden turn, and here, at the time of the aforesaid freshet, we were informed that the boiling flood meeting with opposition was projected fifty feet in a voluminous jet into the air.

'The stream here, I believe, is called Mad River, and its rabid conduct justifies

the name. Like the *River Dog*, it has crouched up many bridges beneath its angry jaws, and its fury is irresistible soon as the snows of winter are in melting mood, or storms of rain come down. It would be worth while to travel a hundred miles to see it in a paroxysm, and, standing on a high bank, to watch the barns, and houses, and other wooden morsels go down into the gulping whirlpools, and to hear the cracking timbers, as when a monster swallows great bones. Who would suppose that the river which before this sleeps so quietly on the green and grassy meadows, or only frets with a little peevishness over the stones, should shortly lose its heaven-reflecting calmness and roar aloud among those awful depths and gloomy shades? I looked down upon a great rock among the ruins. So had the action of water worn upon it that it seemed like a skeleton of some vast antediluvian monster whose descendants no longer browse upon the earth, but had here perished in his ramblings, and his rounded bones, his vertebrae, and head, with gaping eye-holes, were sepulchred amid the wildest monuments the hand of Time had ever epitaphed or floods corroded.

'Standing near this spot upon that peaceful Sabbath, with no habitations near, I heard a grander sermon than was ever preached by uninspired lips. There, riveted upon the spot, I gazed in silence on the scene, or, clambering to the very edge and clutching tight the trunks of trees, looked down into an abyss like that where samphire-gatherers hang, and shuddered with affright. There is a sense of horror and of human feebleness amid such harsh, convulsive elements, as if one stood almost within the presence of his God. One breathes again more freely on returning to securer spots more distant from the brink of danger. Yet have we never thought that on the flowery meads where sweet security appears to dwell, there is as real a danger, without the constant and protecting hand of God? It is not the angry floods which devour most victims. The sting of an insect which flits in a sun-beam may be the cause of destruction as certainly as if we struggled amid the rapids or went over the falls. It requires no less power to make us safe in a hay-field than to shelter us among the fury of storms. Sometimes, when not a cloud is seen to mar the heavenly blue, and all the air is fragrant with the smell of summer herbs and fragrant grasses, there floats upon the buoying winds some fell miasma, and the seeds of death are taking root beneath the rosy cheeks of health. The winged reaper glides through the air with his invisible sickle, oftener than he comes with flapping wings and noisy demonstration.

'There are many places in this State unknown to the multitudes of travellers who go about every summer in quest of recreation.

'The other day I visited a locality called 'the Gulf.' Here is just room for a well-beaten carriage-way, while on either hand the mountains rise abruptly to a height of seven or eight hundred feet. You may ride two or three miles in the perpetual coolness of this deep dell, into which the sun scarce shines except when it is overhead. It looks like an eligible spot for the propagation of wild-cats, and the tutelage of a few bears. Near by is also a mineral spring, holding in solution a little lime and magnesia.

'We arrived at a little village just as the bells began to ring. Went to church twice. The choir consisted of a quartet of excellent voices, and far better than nine out of ten which you hear in large cities. When I think of the untutored attempts which you naturally expect in out-of-the-way places, the nasal twang, the uncouth pronunciation, the drawling cadences, and the discordant execution of fugue tunes which have been taught by itinerant singing-masters—music which would not edify a saint and which would make a sinner giggle—I was agreeably

surprised at the precision of the choir at Wakesfield. The effect was singular to hear the service of the Church of England read among the wild Green Mountains, and although the congregation was not large, it was more numerous than might have been expected. There are some old parishes in these parts, and the large Bibles and prayer-books presented a hundred years ago or more by the English Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts remain still upon the desks.

'I should have mentioned that during our morning ride we met a minister in a little wagon going somewhere to look after his mountain flock, with a sermon in his head, or in his pocket, or both. He was jogging along at a slow rate, and looked sorrowful, as if the message which he was about to convey would be of no avail. If there were not some incorrigible, stony-hearted sinners in his congregation I am deceived in my auguries. The whole expression of the equipage conveyed the idea of righteous grief, and I said to myself, 'He is going to that meeting-house which we passed by the way-side.' It was a forlorn and cheerless-looking house of God, without a tree about it, with a most ugly portico, and grin-provoking cupola. To my eye it was not half so inviting as a saw-mill. I suppose, however, that it would be possible to worship God in it, and in spite of it. There are some pretty churches among the Green Mountains, and some towers, turrets, cupolas, and steeples which would make MICHAEL ANGELO feel queer. They seem to have been dreamed by some carpenter of no taste in a fit of indigestion.

'Vermont, however, does not stand in any bad eminence with respect to the matter of church architecture. The Bishop of the State is a very accomplished man in that and kindred subjects. Wherever his hand has been, you see the marks of good taste. These buildings were constructed before much attention was given in that direction. It costs no more to erect a church with some regard to the correct principles of art and the object intended than the reverse. In all parts of the country we see very ambitious buildings on which great expense has been lavished on cushioned seats, standing as monuments of the ignorance of some little WREN, some ill-informed Sir CHRISTOPHER, of local fame, who built them. As one of our own poets has said:

"Some lofty dome of consecrated bricks,
Where all the 'orders' in disorder mix,
To form a temple whose incongruous frame
Confounds design and puts the arts to shame!
Where styles discordant on the vision jar;
Where Greek and Roman are again at war:
And, as of old, the unrelenting Goth
Comes down at last and overwhelms them both.' *

'On returning home in the cool of the day by a different route, we had a view from a high point of one of the most magnificent valleys which my eye ever looked upon. There were vast and level meadows, smooth, and green, and close-clipped as an English lawn, with tall elms standing in them, and the Winooski, parted frequently by rocky islets, flowing in the midst; vast fields of corn just showing its silken tassels, and an abundance of crops upon the undulating hill-sides, and every variety which the eye could desire. As I looked at the beautiful vista, I heard the scream of a steam-whistle, and a long train of burden-cars rolled along in a straight line, presenting a singular contrast of the artificial with the natural. There is no travel here on a Sunday. The iron rails had been unheated by the rolling Juggernauts; but it might have been a case of necessity for aught I know, and probability favors the conclusion that they could not wait until Monday morning. F. W. S.'

* 'SAXE'S unpublished poem of the 'Money-King,' as read at the Yale-College Commencement.'

THE LATE NATHANIEL BOWDITCH BLUNT. — The following obituary, from the New-York *'Spirit of the Times'* weekly journal, is a just and well-deserved tribute to one who was among the most prominent and respected of our eminent public citizens. We knew the lamented deceased well, and feel that even the high encomiums which are here awarded to his memory fall short of his real deserts :

‘It was with sorrow the most poignant that we heard of the sudden death of NATHANIEL BOWDITCH BLUNT, late District-Attorney of this city. He died at Lebanon Springs, N. Y., on the sixteenth of July, in the fiftieth year of his age. He was taken ill on Tuesday evening, the eleventh, and died on Sunday evening following about ten o'clock. He was in the fullest enjoyment of health when attacked; he suffered no pain, and was conscious until nearly the last hour of his life. No serious danger was apprehended until the day preceding his death. His disease terminated in congestive fever, of which he died. He had skillful medical attendance, was surrounded by kind and sympathizing friends, and was watched and ministered to, from the first moment of his illness until he breathed his last, by his wife and children, all of whom were with him. He had recently left this city for a month's quiet and recreation in the country, having been rather more than usually fatigued by his professional labors during the month of June and the earlier part of July. He leaves a widow and four children — the eldest having just reached her seventeenth year — to mourn his irreparable loss; while his relatives and ‘troops of friends’ are woe-stricken, as with the loss of a brother. We have known him personally for many years, and cheerfully give place to the following tribute from a mutual friend.

‘Mr. BLUNT was indeed a man to love; generous and unselfish to a fault; ever actively alive with the warmest sympathies and the kindest impulses; whether the tie that bound him to you was affinity or consanguinity, whether he was friend, or guardian, or benefactor, nay, even in the professional relation of counsel to client, or public officer to the public, he was ever the same devoted, enthusiastic, zealous, indefatigable doer and worker of good deeds, as ‘diligent in business as fervent in spirit,’ and often most untiring and unflinching in the performance of an unpleasant duty, or in professionally serving those whose circumstances forbade the idea of compensation, and who had nothing but gratitude to return. As a politician, public officer, advocate, and citizen, he was ever independent and manly. As counsel and friend, and as a man, he was always self-sacrificing, chivalrously generous, frank, conscientious, buoyant, hopeful, and warm-hearted. But as a husband and father, and in the bosom of his family, no hand may unmask, and no tongue can describe the reciprocal devotion and love, and happiness that charmed the rosy hours there.

‘He was no office-seeker, yet he held places of public trust and power by the free gift of his friends, and often in spite of his obstinate refusal disingenuously to conciliate his political opponents. He knew how well and faithfully he should discharge the duties of office if elected, and he knew that the obligation of gratitude would rest upon the public, and not upon him. Comparisons are in bad taste; still I believe the united voice of all now living who have held the post of District-Attorney of this city will agree with me in saying the duties of that unpleasant and often painful position were never performed with more zeal, conscientiousness, promptness, kindness, and ability than while filled for the last few years by the lamented N. B. BLUNT.

‘But it was not in the electoral suffrages of his friends that Mr. BLUNT found his entire reward. He held a firmer and more deeply-rooted position in their affectionate admiration and esteem. His brilliant legal talents, his intuitive perception of the points of his case, his self-possession, rapid combinations, and marvellous memory, his intense activity, his zealous devotion to the duties of his profession, which he had practiced unceasingly for upward of twenty years in the judicial halls of our city and State, had won him the admiration and esteem of those who encountered him in this sphere of his usefulness; while his kind and generous heart, his active benevolence, his buoyant social feelings made him ever a devoted friend, a welcome guest and companion, and giving a charming zest and freshness to his whole character, made him greatly beloved.

‘All this was fearfully shown when the melancholy tidings rang through the city that he was no more. Men, in their consternation, refused to believe it. Public men, and private citizens, and his professional brethren, when they met to condole together, or express their sympathy for his afflicted family, found themselves speechless with emotion. There was no display of rhetoric; indeed, all who essayed to speak apologized, stammered, rambled, choked in the utterance of their words, and sat down. Even those who were his reputed enemies hastened to pronounce his eulogy. And when the last sad offices of his funeral obsequies were performed, as old men and young men, those who knew him but by repute and those who had grown gray as they

watched his efforts from youth up, mayors, aldermen, and councilmen, judges, statesmen, lawyers, sheriffs, and eminent private citizens; the enthusiastic, the earnest, and the indifferent; the politician, whose heart had hardened and withered in scorn at the frailties of men; the lawyer, whose sympathies had been so often invoked as to have lost all spontaneity; the stranger, touched by the magnetic influence of what was passing around him; and the friends who had but a week since looked upon his form and features in the fullness of life and health, as they approached his coffin to take their last farewell of that familiar face, each and all were overcome with a grief no strength of will could repress. Gushing tears fell like rain from eyes that had been dry for a quarter of a century, and stalwart men, that seldom flinched before, bowed in sorrow, and with straining heart-strings, sobbed like children.

“Thus has ended the too brief career of an honest and useful man. He has not lived in vain. His name and works are inextricably mingled with the public doings of this great city during the last twenty years. He has left a noble example of professional and public life. He will live in the affectionate remembrance of his profession, and his fame be by them transmitted to the latest generation; while his children, beside his darling memory, have an ancestor to emulate, and do inherit a name deserving to be perpetuated by the highest aims and exertions of which they are capable.”

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Listen to ‘*Sea-Shore Sketches, Number Two.*’ Does not the lively author ‘maintain the promise of his spring?’ These papers strike us as being very susceptible of humorous illustration:

“COME, BUZZY! you’ve been in the water long enough. You begin to look as blue round the gills as a cat-fish.”

“One more duck, Major,” answered the juvenile, ‘and I’m with you.’

“Not another one!” said Major WHIPTOP, grabbing him by the arm. “One more ‘duck’ and your appetite for dinner’ll be dished. So come along. I’m thirsty, and — they’ve a prime chowder for luncheon.”

“That last argument was a clincher. Buzzy gave in, and came out of the surf arm-in-arm with the Major. As they splashed along toward shore, Buzzy’s attention was attracted by something moving along at a slow pace on the beach. He eyed it for some time, and then broke out with: ‘That bangs Bannaker! — a regular old oyster-wagon horse with a full-blood racing blanket on, and a groom airing him! I can read the letters on the rag from here: O-L-D P-A-R-R: OLD PARR! What does it all mean, eh?’

“Why,” answered the Major, ‘have n’t you heard of the great scrub-race that’s coming off this afternoon over the Plaguey-mean Course? It will be the richest thing of the season, sack-races, soaped pig-tails, etc., etc., not excluded! Two such looking old rips as have been entered! It has been unanimously resolved by the proprietors of the course that it shall be a mile-heat, and as well as I can remember their card runs thus:

“‘SCRUB-RACES. — PLAGUEY-MEAN COURSE. — The summer meeting over this course will commence on Friday, the fourth of August, and continue — till it ends!

“‘FIRST DAY, Friday, club purse .05 cents and a bottle of whiskey. Mile heat SCIPIO AFRICANUS GREEN names MINGO BINGS’ ch. h. Old PARR, by Good Luck; out of dam Old Oyster-cart, 27 years old. JULIUS CÆSAR HANNIBAL names CHARLES GEORGE’S roan h. Corkscrew Polka, by Whiskey; dam Fiddle; aged ———.’ There you have the bill of fare. See what it is to have a good memory,’ concluded the Major, as they entered the bathing-house.

‘In the afternoon, Buzzy and the Major, having finished a couple of bottles of La

Rose Medoc at dinner, 'tacked out' for the shady, breezy piazza, and at last, 'coming to anchor' in two arm-chairs, flung out the 'blue bunting' of smoke from their segars. (Nothing like 'nautical' terms at the sea-side!) Thus BUZZY to the Major:

'D'ye know that *that* claret don't agree with me? It's got claws to it! Hanged if I do n't believe the vulture that preyed on PROMETHEUS' liver was nothing but a bottle of hotel claret.'

'May be you're right,' hummed the Major, 'and you're punished, like him, for stealing my 'thunder' to animate your jokes.'

'He stole fire!' broke in BUZZY.

'And that's the reason he 'burned his fingers!' But here we are! Is n't that a neat turn-out?' added the Major suddenly and energetically, as a pair of well-matched, showy bay horses harnessed to a light trotting-wagon were driven up the road toward the hotel under an easy trot, and stopped directly in front of where the Major sat. 'I fancy the mile is n't made yet that they can't go over inside of 2: 40. So come, BUZZY, jump in.' In a minute more the reins were in the Major's hands, and off they went, bound for the scrub-race.

The directors of the course having marked out a mile along the sea-beach and called it 'Plaguey-mean,' were almost broken-hearted when they learned that the admirers of the *turf* had held a meeting to know whether it would be lawful for them to admire a race on the *sand*. An affirmative decision gave great relief to the directors, and the race bade fair to come off swimmingly — if the tide only rose high enough! Four o'clock was the hour named for the races to commence; and at that time crowds, consisting of the 'unfair' sex, were gathered in and around the course. Every horse for miles around had been pressed into service and brought there — perhaps to teach them ambition, certainly to carry their owners, riders, drivers, and tormentors up and down, in and out, and all around what ought to have been the fenced-in race-course.

'A fish-horn is blown; the judge's stand — a flour barrel — is mounted by a florid-faced man stout enough to be respectable. With a gesture of his hand in imitation of the Count Palatine in the 'saw-dust' play of MAZEPPA, and with a voice strong enough to crack a shaving-glass, he roared: 'Bring forth the fiery, untamed steeds!' changing the last word in the sentence so as to suit the scene of action. There was a commotion in the crowd; then followed such explosive yells and roars of laughter that, as the breakers came rolling in toward the beach, one stood on end in fright for a second before it dared to break! In front of the stand stood 'Old PARR,' bracing himself up against the sea-breeze and looking down with his one eye and an air of mild unconcern on the shifting sands of the sea. The twenty-seven years that had rolled over his head had rolled all the meat from his bones, and he stood there, except his hide, an admirable specimen for an anatomical museum. The race was to be 'under saddle,' and so he was *bare-backed*, and had a rope halter to guide him by. Mr. MASON, in his admirable work on the 'Horse,' says: 'To become a valuable and a good race-rider requires more capacity, judgment, experience, and honor than are often found in boys in the habit of riding.' Whether the proprietors of the course had read this or learned it by experience, they decreed that MINGO BINGS, the owner of 'Old PARR,' should ride him. He was certainly a pretty old boy, for when the riders were weighed (by years) MINGO was sixty-four, and CHARLES GEORGE, a dim mulatto, and rider of Corkscrew Polka, only fifty-eight. MINGO BINGS gained the start, and was told when the fish-horn blew 'to strike out!' His jockey dress was white, black, whitey-brown, and brown;

namely, a very old white hat, a black face, whitey-brown shirt, and brown breeches. The horn sounded. MINGO BINGS mounted. It sounded again. He gave his horse not the rein, but the rope-halter. He commenced chewing it! BINGS jerked his mouth, and up came 'Old PARR's' head in the air with such violence that MINGO was nearly floored. He jerked it down, and up went 'PARR's' tail. Some one in the crowd asked MINGO if he'd smoke? He at once assented, took the segar, lit it, and reposed, as the judge said, 'Like a Romin warryer on his nobil steed!'

'But where was 'Corkscrew Polka,' the competitor in the race? The horn *kept on* sounding; the crowd continued cheering 'Old PARR's' attempts to g'lang. Suddenly there was a rush, and Polka was before them, attended with unbounded applause. There he was, *standing up in an oyster-cart dragged by another horse!* and under saddle. 'Corkscrew Polka' stock went up, up, up. Bets ten to one on the horse in the wagon were freely made. 'He's above PARR!' shouted the judge. 'He's beyond PARR!' shouted the crowd as he passed his competitor in the race. It was growing exciting. As no whips were allowed to be used, the spurring exhortations to movement used by the rival race-riders eclipsed any thing in that line BUZZY ever heard. The prospect of the stakes sharpened their efforts. Mulatto GEORGE's voice could be heard high over MINGO's, crying, 'Go it, ole hoss! Go it; you's good for de money! Go it!'

'In an hour and a half, by the judge's watch, 'Corkscrew Polka' came in winner by half a mile: this, as Major WHIPTOP declares, being the first race on record won *by a horse under saddle in wagon!*'

Look for Number Three in our next. - - - READER, if you wish to see a specimen of American character, read the following extract from a letter to the EDITOR from an officer of the United States Army, at Fort Vancouver, and the spirited lines which succeed:

'LOOKING lately at an old number of the KNICKERBOCKER, I saw your likeness, and I assure you it brought up many an old association. Eighteen years ago I was a roller-boy in Ann-street, in the office of the SANDFORD Brothers, and worked many a night in pressing the sheets of the KNICKERBOCKER in the old standing-press, after they had been worked off and dried. I remember having often at those times seen yourself and Mr. EDSON. JOHN M. MOORE I used to see there too. He was then conducting the 'Parlor Magazine.' I well remember how his eyes expanded with delight one day, upon your telling him that you had received from England an autograph letter of BYRON'S. His 'Have you? — by JOVE!' is not easily forgotten. I shall never forget attempting with another boy to carry the form of type containing MOORE'S New-Year's Address for the 'Parlor Magazine' from Ann to Liberty-street. The type had been set in SANDFORD'S office. It was New-Year's eve, 1836, about eight o'clock. The pavement in Broadway was covered with snow and ice, and of course thronged with people. We got it as far as the corner of John-street, where an unlucky pedestrian put his boot through it, and knocked it into 'pi!' . . . Oh! the roller-boy days in Ann-street! Well, so the world wags. The roller-boy has now a commission in Uncle SAM'S army, and in attaining it has seen many a poor fellow's head knocked into 'pi' with far less feeling certainly than he experienced on the night of the mis-adventure above related. . . . But I must not trouble you with this lengthy rigmarole. These reminiscences 'will out' at times, however, in spite of us; and whenever I turn my thoughts back to good old Gotham, they rush thick and fast. Dear old Gotham! There I left a father; there I left a mother — whose parting admonitions I have never forgotten, although

at times I may have slighted them. Both are now in the tomb; gone ere the wanderer could return; but that wanderer's name was the last on their lips.'

'To An Old Musket.'

BY THEODORE JOHN ECKERSON, U. S. A.

'Good-bye! old musket mine, good-bye!
I leave thee not without a sigh;
For many a year we've been together,
In pleasant and in stormy weather:
And though the parting wrings my heart,
Yet, dear old musket! we must part.

'Oh! many a sad and weary way,
Through the dark swamps of Florida,
With aching limbs and blistered feet,
I've trod, the Seminole to meet;
And many a night in bivouac lay,
And hugged thee in my arms till day.

'On Palo Alto's well-fought field
The dread artillery thunder pealed;
And though thy tones were heard not then,
Nor foemen stood within thy ken,
I owned the love which war reveals,
The soldier for his musket feels.

'Resaca de la Palma heard
The voice of war within thee stirred;
And when brave comrades all around,
Wounded and dying, strewed the ground,
I held thee closer to my heart,
For thou hadst nobly done thy part.

'Fort Vancouver, (W. T.,) June 24, 1854.'

'On still! still on, through smoke and blood,
At Monterey we stemmed the flood;
Dread Vera Cruz we saw brought low,
In spite of sullen, desperate foe;
And Cerro Gordo's towering height
We crowned in thickest of the fight.

'Ah! shall I e'er forget the morn
I bore thee through the waving corn,
And down the slope so proudly rushed,
Where PADIERNA's hosts were crushed?
Thy stock was shivered by a blow,
But I was safe: forget it! no!

'Can I forget that same glad day
When, hot for Cherubusco's fray,
I knelt upon the blood-stained sward
And strengthened thee with scanty cord;
Then, with a shout of victory, soon
Rushed on to join our brave platoon?

'Good-bye, old musket mine! Thy lock
Has weathered oft the tempest's shock;
And though I leave thee with regret,
And go to don the epaulet,
It never shall forgotten be,
That epaulet was won by thee!'

There's an American roller-boy poet for you. - - - 'THERE is a clergyman in Western New-York, well known for his readiness in every good cause with pen and person, voice and purse, and who is among his reverend brethren a 'CALEB QUOTEM;' filling with honor, if not with profit, in many numerous assemblies and ecclesiastical bodies, and religious and philanthropic organizations, the offices of scribe and secretary, mainly because his chirography is according to the perfect standard of copper-plate penmanship. His duties as secretary and voluntary agent for one of his many public bodies led him into one of the Western States. Visiting from village to village and church to church, he at length encountered a conservative brother of the same ecclesiastical order. In politics he would have been an 'Old-Fogy.' After opening to the conservative his mission, our 'CALEB QUOTEM' was asked to show his papers; for no man could occupy his pulpit without these necessary appendages. He very frankly told him that, being the secretary of the said society for which he was acting as agent, he had not thought it necessary to give himself credentials; that all the benevolent world must know that he was the secretary of said society:

'CONSERVATOR: 'But I am part of that same world and do not know it. You should have brought a certificate from the clerk of your Presbytery.'

'AGENT: 'Very well; give me pen and paper. I will make out such a certificate instant. I am the secretary.'

'CONSERVATOR: 'You the secretary? How am I to *know* this? I need a certified copy of your election from the clerk of the higher ecclesiastical court—the Synod.'

'AGENT: 'I can satisfy you: I am the clerk of *that* body also, I have the pleasure to inform you. With writing materials I can soon make out all the credentials.'

'CONSERVATOR: 'But, after all, how am I to *know* that you are really the same man whose name is attached to all these certified credentials?'

'AGENT (by a happy thought) exhibited the corner of a nameless indispensable, by a sudden and adroit loosening of a few buttons, and a slackened suspender; and there, in the very best of PERKINS' indelible ink, his name was registered in full! The 'proof' was complete!'

OUR readers will recognize in the '*Faint Recollections of an old Rope-Walk*' the characteristics of a correspondent in the '*City of Elms*,' who has often entertained them with his quaint and original sketches:

'SEVERAL generations of boys since, a long, low, weather-stained rope-walk stood at the foot of our garden; and, although now a street well built up occupies its former site, I like, in imagination, to re-construct the old brown building, at times, and to fancy the snow sifting, the sun shining, or the rain pattering down upon its ragged shingles, after the old fashion. The smell of tar always reminds me of it. Then the modern dwelling-houses, distressingly real and common-place, in white paint and green blinds, seem to give way for a while, and the old rope-walk is there again. Burdocks, thistles, and other vegetables of an ambitious and spontaneous character, flourish along its sides, alive with chirping crickets; cats, sleeping well after life's fitful fever, surrounded by half-bricks, old boots, clam-shells, and effete kitchen utensils, are scattered here and there; while, from the inside, comes the soft hum of wheels and the musical jingle of spindles. I used to take a position at one of the numerous little side-windows, occasionally, and study the interior: a pleasing sort of calm pervaded it, and there was something Rembrandtish about the lights and shadows peculiarly fascinating. The golden sun-light streamed in through many a chink and crevice, gilding the cordage, checkering the blackened timbers, resting in patches on the smooth, hard-trodden ground; and it was pleasant to contemplate the quiet, sober-seeming figures walking slowly backward: one, just starting on his slow journey, from where a boy was laboriously and misanthropically turning a wheel; one, dim and shadowy in gloom; one appearing very sunny for a moment, far down the distance—all reminding me, more or less, of pictures of JOHN the Baptist. It was esteemed a good deal of a privilege to gain admission to the old rope-walk on rainy Saturday afternoons, and at such times the son of the proprietor was much courted, and decidedly popular.

'There was a colored boy who filled a subordinate post in the institution, who, I remember, distinguished himself in the eyes of a youthful group, one evening, by suddenly vaulting on to the back of an unsuspecting cow. GORDON CUMMINGS—the famous English NIMROD, who hunted all sorts of savage animals in the unexplored regions of Africa, and thought nothing of dropping a lion or so, just to ascertain if his rifle was in good order for giraffes and elephants—never performed a feat equal to what that little 'nigger's' seemed then. The crowd, of course, applauded the colored boy for his heroism, and promised to do what they could for him in the way of plug-tobacco; but the cow, being unaccustomed to such treatment, tore about in a circle for a while, shot off at a tangent, and, in a wild and furious manner, disappeared around the corner of a neighboring lane. 'Nigger'-boy, when last seen, evidently very much shook up, and bounding badly. Some thought it rather doubtful whether the little 'nigger' would come back any more; and one juvenile, who was vainly endeavoring to free his hair from a large supply of burrs—rubbed in by a young red-republican democrat, radically

opposed to good clothes, on account of having no seat to his own trowsers — in a high, crying key, repeated those touching, but somewhat vindictive lines, (SHELLEY, I believe,)

“NIGGER, nigger, chaw tobacco;
If you die, it tain't no matter.”

But he did come back, though; for the next day I observed him in the bottom of our garden, ‘hooking raspberries.’

The young man that turned the wheel in the old rope-walk was remarkable, among other vagabondish characteristics, for the freedom of his ideas in regard to the ownership of fruit, and a style of pantaloons peculiar to himself: the latter having belonged to a full-grown man originally, took in his entire person, and rendered other garments superfluous. Rope-yarn and tar answered the purpose of buttons, and his arms protruded where pockets had been. On festive occasions, or when mingling in society, his head was commonly ornamented with a frowzy kind of a cap, apparently manufactured out of dirty canvas, tar, and old chestnut-burs, in equal proportions. His transitory vacations from the crank were usually spent in foraging among the adjacent gardens: and when he was n't up in our old apple-tree, it was because he was giving his whole attention to some body's gooseberry bushes. It was of no use to think of chasing the young man, not the slightest; for, by long and well-directed practice, he had acquired a facility in sliding from the highest branch of a tree, scaling a tall picket-fence, and scrambling through one of the rope-walk windows, that made pursuit utterly futile and ridiculous. If, as a matter of curiosity, I followed him up, and looked in, he would be found dividing his plunder with the JOHN the Baptist, or quietly turning the crank, in a way that plainly said, ‘I ain't the boy as did it.’ When fruits were not in season, his fragments of leisure were passed in tormenting kittens, and in constructing ingenious little powder-mines in the earth, for blowing up contemplative ‘hopper-toads.’ His friends, if he had any, did n't take much pride ‘into’ him; and, consequently, I am not able to record any thing in relation to his subsequent career. He may be an inmate of the State-prison; perhaps he is a member of the Methodist Church, in good standing; possibly he is playing on a glorified hand-organ, with MOZART for an attentive listener.

WE recollect (for how should we forget?) hearing our late lamented friend, the eminent DAVID GRAHAM, Junior, narrate one evening in the sanctum the ‘facts’ mentioned in the subjoined ‘spiritual communication’ to the ERROR from a legal correspondent: ‘It fell to my lot some time since to have a case to try of considerable importance, and pending in a distant county. I spent not a little time in preparing for the trial, and at the time appointed set out to attend it. The whole day was spent upon the rail-road, until mid-night, when, fatigued and jaded out, I reached a hotel and took a bed. My body seemed at once to fall asleep. Not so, however, the mind. It had been considerably over-worked, and could not at once come to a state of rest. It dreamed, and, of course, the theme was connected with the law. I seemed to be in the old Supreme Court in the days of its glory. There was the mild countenance of KENT, the Chief-Justice, and the noble head of SPENCER. SMITH, THOMPSON, VAN NESS, and YATES completed the court. The great dignity and good sense displayed in the bearing of THOMPSON was as charming as the fascination and brilliancy which sat upon the face of VAN NESS. The action on trial was brought by the composer of a piece of music against a musician — some MONS. JULLIEN of his day — to recover damages for improperly performing the music. The parties prosecuted and defended in person. The author, after stating his case, and showing in a forcible manner how his feelings and his reputation had suffered from the careless-

ness and unskillfulness of the defendant, proceeded to sing his song in the way *it should be sung*. He produced his 'tooting-we'pon,' as NATTY BUMPO would have called it, blew a clear, shrill note, took the key, and went on to sing. He made a very happy 'hit.' The piece was a fine *allegro* movement. It pleased the judges exceedingly. It was repeated with evident pleasure, both to the singer and his judicial listeners. Then separate strains were sung and repeated, and the author explained the propriety of his manner of rendering the language and sentiment of his song. Most evidently he 'had the ear of the Court,' and he put up pipe and sat down with a most satisfactory expression on his countenance. The defendant then arose to argue *his* side of the novel case. To my surprise he made no objection to the plaintiff's right to maintain such an action; but, after a pathetic appeal to the judges, '*audere alteram partem*,' he proceeded to render the song himself, contending that it was most clearly an *andante* movement, and must be so executed. That rendering he gave it; and, on the suggestion of the dignified Judge SPENCER, he repeated it in a still more slow and majestic manner. It was soon apparent that the song with this rendering gave the Court quite as much satisfaction as the other had done. At the suggestion of Judge KENT, the parties sung the song in rotation, in whole, and then verse by verse. The more the Court heard of the case the more evident was it that the Judges were a little at fault; that they could not decide such a case as that 'off-hand.' Finally, after some deliberation with his brethren, the learned Chief-Justice stated that 'The Court felt some difficulty with this rather unusual case: that, as the parties were probably aware, the Judges had paid rather more of their devotions to the goddess JUSTITIA than to the muse Melpomene: that, in short, they were so much strangers to music, both as a science and an art, that they were really unable to say which of the able and skillful artists before them had correctly interpreted the spirit and sentiment of the song: that, evidently, there was much to be said and 'much remained unsung' on both sides; much, too, that it would be both pleasant and profitable to hear: that this case was likely to be a leading one hereafter in this class of actions, and that it therefore should and would receive careful and deliberate attention from the Court: and that the Court would take the papers, and he, the Chief-Justice, would, as the representative of the Court, immediately devote himself to the study of music: he would both learn to read music and learn to sing, and would then take up this song and learn to sing it as it ought to be sung; and he would then sing it in open Court, at the next or some future general term. And the judgment of the Court would be, that as he should then sing it so it should be sung in all future time!' The papers in the case were then handed to the Court, and the next case was called. It was a dog-suit. But an unlucky bell broke my slumbers and prevented my reporting that case.' As BUNYAN says, 'Lo! it was a dream.' - - - 'ONCE upon a time,' when we stood on the summit of the 'Round Top' of the Kaatskills, high above even the high 'Mountain-House,' we peeled from a large birch-tree a thick horizontal 'slab' of bark. Very smooth it was as we manipulated it between our fingers. Presently the 'concentric rings' began to separate, and re-sepa-

rate, and separate again, until sheets *thinner* than paper, larger than foolscap, and of the most exquisite texture, were rolled up as a scroll in our lap. On one of these, in our apartment at the 'Mountain-House,' in the evening, we wrote a letter to a distinguished literary friend in England, to whom it proved a very great curiosity. We are reminded of this circumstance by a letter this moment received from a friend resident in the 'Buckeye State,' written upon an 'infinitesimally attenuated' piece of birch-bark, and dated 'Marquette, Lake Superior, August first, 1854.' We must give a 'strip' of it. Our friend says: 'I can't half tell you my disappointment at not finding you at Cleveland on that Sunday morning you 'half-promised' to be there. Oh! but you have missed a most pleasant time, certainly; and *such* trout-fishing! Talk about your fishing at the East! Think of a string of nineteen fish, weighing forty-three pounds, and *one* of them weighing four pounds three ounces; and *such* weather! You can have no idea of it in your dear town of Gotham. In walking yesterday to Dead River, some five miles, I saw two deer, with 'any amount' of grouse; and the same day, a friend going to the Iron Mountain, only ten miles from the Lake, had a stern view of a 'bar' trotting along before his horse for a half-mile. Of course, he was without a gun!' - - - 'I HAVE always been a delighted reader of the EDITOR'S TABLE of your Magazine,' writes an Elmira (New-York) correspondent, 'and have lately looked with especial regard upon that portion of it which you occasionally devote to the 'Little Folks,' in which you serve up a monthly collation of child-sayings, verifying the thought that

'A GRAVE grown man will start to hear
'The strange words of a child.'

I wish to furnish you with an item in regard to a boy of twenty months with whom I was acquainted in Milwaukee a year or two ago. He was rather backward in the acquisition of his mother tongue; and at the age I have mentioned could only articulate 'Pa,' 'Ma,' and a few other 'words of one syllable,' among which was the word '*whoa!*' learned from his father while riding with him in the family-carriage. His father was a very pious man, and somewhat tedious in saying grace. One day at dinner, the little fellow felt more than usually impatient to lay hold of the good things smoking before him; and when the blessing was about half pronounced, exclaimed to his father, in a tone quite mandatory for an infant, 'Pa, *whoa!*' The effect upon all at the table was comical in the extreme; and the sober parent performed the remainder of his duty with an evident relaxation of the facial muscles, and with no disposition to restrain the inevitable merriment of his guests. I doubt whether a more expressive saying in as few words ever issued from the lips of a child.' Exactly: and how often would 'children of a larger growth,' in churches, at public meetings, or in listening to long 'graces' at private tables, say '*Whoa!*' if they were as simple, honest, and direct as their little brethren? - - - 'WE have some queer preachers away out here in the West,' writes an Illinois correspondent; 'divines I can hardly call them. If their impressions of religious truth are as amusing as

their modes of expressing them, they must be droll enough. One of the most singular geniuses I ever knew of this kind was a Dutch blacksmith, who has been a notorious tippler and profane man in his time; but, becoming 'convinced of the error of his ways,' he was baptized by the 'old Iron-jackets,' and took it into his head that he had 'a call' to preach. As may be supposed, his discourses were decidedly original. He had a way, too, of lugging in phrases which were often more forcible than appropriate, and on such occasions his broken Dutch rather helped him than otherwise. On one occasion he attempted to discourse on the passage of the Red Sea by the children of ISRAEL. He introduced his subject by an elaborate account of their flight from Egypt, which was by no means remarkable for its accuracy. He was decidedly felicitous in his comments on the abstraction of the gold and silver ornaments; but in getting through the wilderness he had more trouble, and was even worse bothered than the subjects of his narrative. In closing his discourse he was more fortunate, and finished off with the following unique peroration: 'Vell, mine frients, dere dey vos. De hills he vos before him, und de hills he vos on dat side, und de sea he vos on de oder side, und de Echipshans he vos behinds him. But, mine frients, Moses he stehruk te waters mit his rot, and dey goesh in; and de waters he gits up on dish hants, and de waters he gits up on dat hants, and he gits ofer; but, mine frients, when he gits out he feels ferry glad, cos he feels he has cot out of a *mitee bat schra-ape*. But de Echipshans he comes up, and he tinks he can go ofer; and he coes in, and he gits in; but de waters he gits ofer him on his right hants, und de waters he gits ofer him on his left hants, and, mine frients, he gits in a ferry bat schraape!' - - - The following description, by a 'boozy' English cockney, absolutely seems to stagger, especially toward the close. The confused inversions remind us of the man who undertook to drive a troop of pigs out of a pumpkin-field: 'When I started to stone 'em out, every single pumpkin took up a pig, and run through the devil as if the fence was after him.'

'I HAVE been to Niagara, you know — Niagara Falls — big rocks, water, foam, Table-Rock, Indian curiosities, squaws, moccasins, stuffed snakes, rapids, wolves, CLIFTON-House, suspension-bridge, place where the water runs swift, the ladies faint, scream, and get the paint washed off their faces; where the aristocratic Indian ladies sit on the dirt and make little bags; where all the inhabitants swindle strangers; where the cars go in a hurry, the waiters are impudent, and all the small boys swear.

'When I came in sight of the suspension-bridge, I was vividly impressed with the idea that it was *some* bridge; in fact, a considerable curiosity, and a *considerable* bridge; took a glass of beer and walked up to the Falls; another glass of beer and walked under the Falls; wanted another glass of beer, but couldn't get it; walked away from the Falls, wet through, mad; triumphant, victorious — humbug! humbug, Sir! all humbug! — except the dabliness of every thing, which is a most certainty, and the cupidity of every body, which is a diabolical fact, and the Indians and niggers everywhere, which is a Satanic truth.

'Another glass of beer — 't was forthcoming immediately; also another; all of which I drank. I then proceeded to drink a glass of beer, went over to the States, where I procured a glass of beer; went up-stairs, for which I paid a six-pence; over to Goat-Island, for which I disbursed twenty-five cents; hired a guide, to whom I paid half-a-dollar; sneezed four times, at nine cents a sneeze; went up on the tower for a quarter of a

dollar, and looked at the Falls; didn't feel sublime any — tried to, but couldn't; took some beer, and tried again, but failed; drank a glass of beer, and began to feel better; thought the waters were sent for, and were on a journey to the —; thought the place below was one sea of beer; was going to jump down and get some; guide held me; sent him over to the hotel to get a glass of beer, while I tried to write some poetry.

'Man came back with the beer, drank it to the last drop, and wished there had been a gallon more; walked out on a rock to the edge of the fall, woman on shore very much frightened; I told her not to get excited if I fell over, as I would step right up again; it would not be much of a fall, any how; got a glass of beer of a man, another of a woman, and another of two small boys with a pail; fifteen minutes elapsed, when I purchased some more of an Indian woman, and imbibed it through a straw; it wasn't good; had to get a glass of beer to take the taste out of my mouth; legs began to tangle up — effect of the spray in my eyes; got hungry and wanted something to eat; went into an eating-house, called for a plate of beans, when the plate brought the waiter in his hand; I took it, hung up my beef and beans on a nail, eat my hat, paid dollar to a nigger, and sided out on the step-walk, bought a boy of a glass of dog with a small beer and a neck on his tail, with a collar with a spot on the end; felt funny, sick; got some water in a tin cup, drank the cup and placed the soda on the counter, and paid for the money full of pocket; very bad headache; rubbed it against the lamp-post and then stumped along; station-house came along and said if I didn't go straight he'd take me to the watchman; tried to oblige the station-house — very civil station-house, very; met a baby with an Irish woman and a wheel-barrow in it, couldn't get out of the way, she wouldn't walk on the side-walk, but insisted on going on both sides of the street at once; tried to walk between her; consequence, collision, awful, knocked out the wheel-barrow's nose, broke the Irishwoman all to pieces, baby loose, court-house handy, took me to the constable, jury sat on me, and the jail said the magistrate must take me to the constable; objected; the dungeon put me into the darkest constable in the city; got out, and here I am, prepared to stick to my original opinion: *Niagara unus humbug! non excelsus, non indignus admiralconi!*'

As a poetical companion-piece to the above, we annex the following from a pleasant Northern correspondent, who can sympathize with his English 'brother in spirit.' He too has been tempted — he too has 'indulged:'

'I waited for the train at Coventry.' TANNYSON.

'Young policeman, fat and stout,
(For I know thee by thy stars,) Tell, oh! tell me, have they come?
They, the Saratoga cars?

'Thus addressed, the stolid CHARLES
Gently raised his head of tow,
And from out his pinguid lips
Musically answered, 'No!'

'Young policeman! tell me, now,
Are they rushing on the sight?
Will they cheer these eyes of mine,
Ere the coming on of night?

'Then again he raised his head,
And a beam of heavenly light
Shot athwart his tallow face,
As he answered: 'Guess you're tight!'

'On a barrow long and red,
In confusion down I sat,
With my nose my fingers blew,
Smashed my eyes down o'er my hat:

'Babies squalled in wild amaze;
Baggage-masters bawled their checks;
Olden dames for band-box smashed,
Peered around through awful specs!

'Fumes of oil, and steam, and smoke,
Rose repulsive to the sense;
Sparks like fitting glow-worms danced
Glimmering in the twilight dense.

'Up I scrambled! — down to earth
Fell the metamorphosed man,
And my 'tights,' so spotless once,
Oh! how sadly did I scan!

'Far before me through the mass
Sped the barrow, urged along
By its owner, who had urged
Me, in accents touching, strong.

'Thundering on with awful yell
Rushed the Saratoga cars,
And before my vision bright
Gleamed again those brilliant stars.

'Seemed I then beyond my boots
Wider, higher to expand,
Till my form the figure took
Of that dépôt, vast and grand.

'Walls around on every side,
Far above, an arch's span;
Gates like Gaza's, bound with strength,
Such the metamorphosed man!

'Porters yelled, and news-boys screamed;
Pea-nut venders with them vied;
Hack-men shook their snake-like whips,
Luring passengers to ride.

'Through the throng my piercing eye
Caught the flutter of a dress,
And my feelings, all suffused,
Floated in its loveliness.

'Through the throng my hurrying form
Pressed its way, resolved, intent;
Like the runner for the prize,
Were my fleeting foot-steps bent.

'Nearer, nearer still I came:
Now I plainly saw her back;
Feelings such as fail of words
Overcame me — she was black!

There was a predicament for you! - - - 'A Legacy, and what Came of It,' communicated in a letter to the EDITOR by 'Mr. Boozx,' has a lesson 'underlying' it, which will not be lost upon those whose 'withers' are *not* 'unrung:'

'I AM, or rather *was*, a small farmer, residing on a tolerably productive tract of land bequeathed to Mrs. Boozx by a bachelor uncle who died — peace to his ashes! — about two months after we were married. I bless the memory of my wife's uncle, for had he forgotten Mrs. Boozx in his will, your servant at the present writing might have been in far more embarrassing circumstances than those in which he is now placed.

'When Mrs. Boozx and I took possession of the farm, she was perfectly cool and collected; for, in the words of the great MICAWBER, she had for years known that *something* was about to 'turn up;' but I was in ecstasy: in fact, I felt very thankful for the circumstance which had thus opportunely occurred, placing us in a situation to get a living.

'Well, we commenced farming in earnest. Mrs. Boozx made capital butter and cheese, and I raised very fair crops of wheat and corn. I trimmed up the apple-trees, put in grafts, planted shade-trees and did various other things to beautify and improve the premises. Mrs. Boozx found farming profitable. Five years after taking possession of the place, we 'figured up,' and found we had a thousand dollars in the bank, a thousand in rail-road stock, and some loose change in pocket, to say nothing of a fine lot of cows, a span of horses, etc., etc.

'Mrs. Boozx was a very fortunate woman. One night, about six years after we were married, she said to me:

'Boozx, I think of selling the farm.'

'Think of *selling the farm*, Mrs. Boozx! — you're joking!'

'Not a bit, Boozx: Widow GOMER says it's a perfect shame for us to live off here and work like slaves, when we are abundantly able to settle in Skinpenny and enjoy ourselves: and I think Widow GOMER knows. I think she is right.'

'Widow GOMER may —'

'Now, Boozx, you need n't go on in that way! The farm is *MINE*, and the *stock* is mine, and I shall sell, and remove to Skinpenny, if I think proper, Mr. Boozx to the contrary notwithstanding!'

'But how shall we live?' I meekly inquired.

'On the interest of *my* money,' answered Mrs. Boozx; after saying which, she proceeded to undress herself, and we retired; she to dream of the pleasures of life in Skinpenny, I to reflect on what Mrs. and Mr. Boozx were coming to.

'Next day, I felt 'out of sorts,' but I knew it would be useless to say a word; for Mrs. Boozx is a 'strong-minded woman,' (women who have property in their own right usually *are*), and my advice to all young men contemplating marriage is, '*Beware of strong-minded women and — "vidders"!*' — (WELLER;) for, as far as my experience goes, both are exceedingly pleasureless and profitless 'institutions.'

'That afternoon Widow GOMER, Widow DATUS, and SUSAN GREEN (a blooming Miss

of forty-five) drove up to our door, having come all the way from Skinpenny on purpose to visit 'dear Mrs. Boozy,' whom they 'had n't seen for a whole week;' thinking perhaps she would give them a few of her beautiful gooseberries, currants, and cherries; 'they would look *so* beautiful on their tables at home.'

'I busied myself in the field till the trio had gone, and then I went to the house, to find my — no, Mrs. Boozy's 'beautiful gooseberries, currants, and cherries' (they were of choice varieties, for which I paid quite a sum, and this was the first year they had borne any fruit) all gone; and, worst of all, Mrs. Boozy in tears; it was '*so* lonesome; she couldn't bear the thought of living on the farm any longer; Widow DARTS said *she* 'wouldn't live there for the world;' Miss GREEN had 'rather die than be obliged to stay there over night;' and Widow GOMER said she had better sell, even if she did n't get more than half what Mr. Boozy thought the place was worth.'

'A few days after, Mrs. Boozy made Widow GOMER a visit, and (just think of it!) the widow told her she had a son who, she thought, would like to purchase the farm, 'provided he could get it at a *low price*.' To make a long matter short, he bought it for less than half what it might have been sold for; and now the widow lives with her son on that 'odious farm,' and *we* live in Skinpenny: but I cannot see that we enjoy ourselves any better than we did before we took up our residence here. For my own part, I am perfectly miserable. Our garden is so small that I cannot busy myself in it more than one day in a week, and the neighbors' hens dig up every seed I plant. When I think how much we lost, and how little we gained, when we changed our place of abode, I can hardly contain myself.'

'P. S.—Mrs. Boozy and I visited Widow GOMER at the farm to-day. I asked the widow if she could spare us a few of her 'beautiful goose-berries, currants, and cherries.' She said she was 'sorry, but they had no more than they wanted for their own family use.'

FRIENDS of 'Mr. K. N. PEPPER, Esq.,' if you have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now!' 'Sech wo!' PEPPER's horizon is edged with sombre colors. The very zenith is rather dark. The rest of his voyage can be done in black paint. What is to become of his '*Grate Pome*,' now that his mind persists in running upon funerals? Notice the thrilling effect his 'genus' has thrown into the last two stanzas of his 'effort.' PEPPER is no 'or'nary' person:

'North-Demosthenes Four-Corners, July 20, 1854.

'MR. CLARK. EDITOR. SIR: Since I favored you with my last great changes have obscured the face of the sun of Liberty and Happiness which have been in the habit of shining in favored spots regular. Despots continue to sway the aspect of things. But their reign is short, Sir. I repeat it. Short. Changes must come. As a significant fact, Mr. PEPPER has changed. He is no longer playful. He is gloomy — gloomy. I am afraid his genus is about to sink in a blaze of glory and go out. Yes Sir. I begin to be alarmed for his existence. His heart is too susceptible. Altogether. It has been touched Sir. Rudely touched. Many of the strings have I fear been snapped. But let the eloquent and feeling letter he wrote upon the subject tell the tale. It will be seen that he is the combined victim of Affection and a Tyrant. But my hand is influenced by the emotions of my heart. If trembles. Adieu.

P. PEPPER PODD.

'Pepper's lark, guly 12.

'DERE FELER: Having ons moar a opertoonty ov cending you a few lins i avale miself ov it to oncet moar perticeler as i hev much to inform you wich i cant bery into mi oan boosum.

'O Podd, Podd, wot hapines — wot misery — wot rapcher and goy — wot mizzery & wot ive suferd sens i rote be 4. it semes moar like a dreme oanly i no it ant & a dreme

woodent maik me loos so much in boddy. ime thin as a waifer dere boy & a good dele witer on the serfis. mi apetiati (wich you no was alus precaris) hes now dwindle into nothink & i doant beleve ive ete a hanful in 4 day. i kepe insid the hous & lay on mi fais a-groning dredfle & sying al the time i doant gron. but i no it must be a speshy of ageny to hev to wate long fur a explanashun ov this miss tery. ile releve you in but few werds. it was the 21th of gune. erly in the morning. i— o mi felinks is sech i doant know as i can revele. wy did i comens the haroink tale. but ile subdoo mi emoshuns & persede with camnes. rite pen. kepe a ritink. paws not.

“i had jest got threw a-washing out side the door and was a-wiping miself onto the toul wen i herd a shriek giv by a butifle young Lady in ageny. i lookt around in frensy and saw nothink. in a instant a l hors wagon floo around the corner drawed by a frantic anmle. in that wagon was a man a-holding ov the lins and a young Lady. mi resolooshun was tooc. i put a stun into the toul & wen the hors caim up i spotted him. he draped so cuick the man and young lady boath pitch forards & was picking thairselves up wen I turned round. wot a vizzhun she was. threw al the dert i cood se Buty. Mi preserver sed she in a angilic vois a-seting herself onto a stun. i floo too her and maid a faint ov faling onto l ne. doant sed she youl derty your pans wich was troo besids being considerit. so i dident but i tooc her hand & sed she was welcum to mi servis wich was no truble, and ide be hapy to spot a hors for her every day. she smiled hevinkly & sed i was ‘A-JACK’ (a cmart ainshen.) i cald her HELIN wich she sed was a mistaik as her naim was HANAH GANE WALTERS. i then sed she had also mistooc mi cignacher wich was Mr. K. N. PEPPER Esq. Youd orter seen the looc ov supris & plesyour as her fechers was spred with wen i opend onto her with that anounsment. she tooc notis ov me for a niustant kind ov wild, then sudently giv way too her emoshuns & wep. in a short time the toul sacherated with her teres & i was thinking ov giting a dri l wen she drid up the fount & she & the man wich she cald pa as was hirt onto his hed stad with me severil days. i red al mi pomes to her & we got pirty thic. al 2 oncet the Faither rekiverd and anouns that thay must go hoam. Ken you leve sed i in broken ax cents and with a thic vois. hers was thic wen she sed she coodent no way. we then hugd. wot bliss! but the crul Faither put in his ore & AL was ore. he had to chok her of. as he was levin he remarc that he was werth \$900 dolars & he thot it was redickalus rayther. but ef it was spoart to him it was deth to me & her. She sed 2 or 3 times she shoodent eat eny think & the onfelin rech at last spoak and sed it wood saiv vitels. Wen thay disapered round the corner she waivin her hankerchif i holdin up my hans in mewt dispar i sunc onto the floar & in mi ageny tor of al mi vest butons in l gerk, & struc sumthink hard onto the floor. it was l ov mi aingles puf-coams as fel in the hart rending struggle. i dident mind the ile but kist it al the rest of the day. it is be 4 me now. it is al as kepes me aliv. heres wot i rote wen i becain cam enuf to hoald a pen:

“To the Aingle as is Gon.

“O HANAH HANAH HANAH dere
GANE WALTERS! wers the vizzhun now?
Dispers for ever moar i fere
(bi) Your Faither with the angry Brow.

“O HANAH Ken i say youm gon?
To a onkind Fait must PEPPER bow?
A. then wele pile our cursis on
(to) Your Faither with the angry Brow.

“O wot a lod to carry round!
To fre hisself he dono how,
A onhapy man now walk the ground
(its) Your Faither with the angry Brow.

“but lovly HANAH doant dispar,
doant taik on bad doant rais no row,
1 man ull fele remors & cair
(its) Your Faither with the angry Brow.

'wot chaing hes cum it ore our dremes!
 Wot Hap'nis ons, wot miz'ry now!
 But Gustis lay the blaim it semes
 (onto) Your Faither with the angry Brow.

'In Graiv we mete ef no wars els
 Mi HANAH dere i malk a vow
 Or sooner ef Deth the sperit cuels
 (ov) Your Faither with the angry Brow.

'o Podd, Podd, i wos afraid i shoold di be 4 i got that dun. but its dun now and i doant no wether to send it to her or let it be found amongst mi efex. ef i doant hurry it will be the last. Dear Podd, good bi peraps for ever. Podd good bi, good bi. oncet moar good bi from your old fren
 K. N. PEPPER.

'P. S. enloased is a lock of mi har. ef I di let mi funerl be privit. let HANAH GANES puf coam be berid with me. Tell her i was troo and dide for her.

'Fair wel
 K. N. P.'

Farewell, for the present, 'grate Pote!' - - - 'The Miner's Burial,' by J. SWETT, of California, is a graphic sketch of an only too frequent occurrence in the 'Golden State:'

'I REMEMBER many burial scenes in the old church-yard of my native village, when I gazed upon the long procession of mourners slowly moving over the meeting-house green, and winding through the narrow gate-way. I remember how the iron bell high up in the belfry tolled out the solemn notes in muffled monotone, till the warm blood flowed back on my young heart and dark thoughts of the cold grave chased away the sun-light of boyish existence. Yet, when on a summer Sabbath I strolled about the grave-yard, where the little children played every Sunday noon, and saw the flowers blooming and the green grass springing up over the graves, it seemed a pleasant thing to lie down to sleep in the shadow of the old church. It is a beautiful thought that the spirit may come back to linger round the scenes of its earthly home, and the universal desire to be laid to rest among friends may be but a yearning of the soul for the companionship of kindred spirits.

'I remember many burial scenes, but there are two which come back to me at times with all their over-powering emotions: one, when, a mere boy, I wept over the grave of my father; the other, when in after-time, my heart changed by years of restless excitement, I stood by the grave of a brother-miner in one of the wild mountain-glens of California. There have been many such burial scenes in the Gold-Land, and few who have witnessed them can ever forget, till the memory of the strange scenes, and wild emotions, and thrilling excitement of a miner's life fades away from the mind. The rain had descended in torrents for many dark days and gloomy nights, and every stream and brook had become a rushing river sweeping madly down through narrow cañons. The swollen waters seized one of our little band of miners and hurried him to an instant and awful death: but, after holding the pale form in their cold, clammy embrace for three days, yielded up the body, and we consigned our brother departed to a miner's grave. We buried him when the long and fearful storm had passed away, and nature was rejoicing in the warm, life-giving sun-light; and, as we stood round the pale form, the melancholy gloom cast over us by the sad event passed away from our hearts, as if some feeble rays of the life and light of a spiritual existence opening on the new-born soul were beaming down upon the mourners around the worn-out tenement of clay.

'I have seen the *great* borne to their last home, when the muffled drum beat like the hearts of the assembled people mourning for their leader. I have listened to services in the dimly-lighted church, where the deep-toned organ swelled in solemn reverberations over the vast assembly till the soul was lost to all save the mournful

requiem; but no scene ever seemed so affecting as the simple mountain burial. Far away in the rugged mountains of the Sierra Nevada, where the head-waters of Feather River are gathered from snowy peaks and poured through rocky canons, a little group of rough miners stands on a green shelf of the mountain at whose base the waters send up a ceaseless roar. A rude coffin lies on the ground, and they gather round to cast a last look on the face of him who but three days ago was the life of the weary company that clustered round the evening camp-fires. Few words are spoken, few tears are shed; for hearts roughened by California life are not easily moved to deep emotion; but the workings of bronzed faces show that the waters are flowing in channels which have long been dry.

No temple reared by human hands covers the little band of mourners, but the blue vault of heaven resting on the everlasting hills which rise up like colossal pillars against the horizon forms the dome of a grander cathedral than ever architect conceived! The hills are its golden altars; the rushing river its mighty organ; paintings richer than those by ancient masters are hung upon its walls; and through the crystal dome the pure sun-light comes pouring down over the temple of the INVISIBLE. A little rivulet with silver cascades flashing in the sun is leaping down the mountain-side, sending up a low music that falls dreamily on the ear. No tolling bell is throbbing on the passing breeze. The solemn stillness, broken only by the low voices of Nature, seems more fitting.

'An old gray-headed miner reads a chapter from the Bible, the first that he has read for many long months; but while he is reading, memories of a mother who taught him to pray come over him, and the old iron-visaged man is a child! A few simple lines, a lament, the tribute of a brother-miner, are read, and the old gray-headed miner, turning again to his Bible, repeats the simple and beautiful prayer of our Saviour, more appropriate than any human language. That night, when the pale moon looked down upon the new-made grave, and stars came drifting from the dark depths of the heavens like spirit-eyes from other worlds, one solitary mourner stood by the resting-place of the miner, one who there learned a lesson never to be forgotten.

'There are times when the events of a life-time are crowded into a moment; when the spirit, bursting from the bonds of sense, turns its piercing eye inward, analyzing all its secret motives, and then, turning outward and upward, sweeps away into futurity, defying the control of reason or will, and brings back to the doubting mind the voice of inspiration. When a stranger's letter shall convey the tidings far across the Atlantic to a pleasant home in Old England, a widowed mother's heart shall be wrung with untold anguish. No tears of sisters or mother may ever fall on the grave of the young Englishman; but, far away, eyes shall grow dim with weeping and hearts sad with mourning. Those who laid him in a foreign grave are even now separated, never again to visit the place; but memory will make many a pilgrimage to the solitude of that wild mountain glen. Strangers shall pass by that quiet spot, and seeing the initials rudely carved on the granite head-stone, wonder who lies buried there. The wild birds shall sing over him, and the wild flowers bloom every spring around the grave. And when the spirit of the storm breathes on the organ of the hills — the swollen river — there shall rise up a solemn requiem for the young stranger who was consigned by stranger hands to a miner's grave in the mountain wilds of the Gold-Land.'

It is probably not unknown to our readers that there is a set of lazy harpies about the city of Washington, who, whenever a bill has passed Congress

for the aid of any particular class of subordinates in the public service, levy a tax upon them, to pay for their alleged 'services' and 'exertions,' in getting the bill through Congress. A certain 'general agent,' who was presumed by his correspondent to be of this stamp, was thus addressed through a late number of the *San-Diego Herald*

'San-Diego, 20th March, 1854.

'MY DEAR CHARLES: I have received your modest request of the fourth of January, that I will give you five or ten per cent. of any sum that Congress may hereafter, in its infinite beneficence, appropriate to my relief, a request, which, you state, you make to me at the instance of 'a number of officers stationed in Texas.'

'For the benefit of those gentlemen, as well as yourself, I have asked Mr. AMES to print your letter and my answer in the world-renowned *San-Diego Herald*—the only method I see of communicating with your advisers, as a letter directed to 'a number of officers stationed in Texas,' might possibly never reach them through the ordinary channels.

'Upon mature reflection, of nearly five minutes, I have come to the conclusion to decline acceding to your proposal. This decision has resulted from several considerations.

'In the first place, I don't know you, CHARLES. I never heard of you before in all my life. To be sure, I see by your card, which you so kindly intressed, and which my wife has just stuck up in a corner of the cracked looking-glass that adorns our humble chamber, that you are a General-Agent, (which may be a new military rank, for all I know, created with the Lieutenant-Generalecy, and if it is, I beg your pardon and touch my hat, for I have a great respect for rank,) and a Notary⁴Public, and that you live on Seventh-street, opposite the Odd-Fellows' Hall, (why not move across the street?) But all this does not amount to friendship, intimacy, or even common acquaintance; and I declare, CHARLES, I do not even know now whether you may not be some designing person, who, seeing that a bill is likely to pass for the relief of certain distressed officers, seeks to levy a little black-mail, say five, or even ten per cent, on the scanty pittance, under the pretext of having influenced Congress in its humane decision; a thing that I believe all the General-Agents, Notary-Publics, United States Commissioners, and Commissioners of Deeds that ever lived opposite or in Odd Fellows' Hall would fail to accomplish, had not Congress made up its benevolent mind to do it without consulting them.

'SECONDLY. Why should I promise to give you ten per cent of that allowance? (Oh! *don't* you wish you might get it? I hope *I* shall.) You say you have made an effort to get it for us. Ah! CHARLES, I love and honor you for doing so, if you have; but how, when, and where, tell me, where did you make that effort? But, if you did so, what of it? Perhaps you made an effort, too, to get me the pay I now receive. Perhaps—startling thought!—you will be writing to me for 'five or ten per cent' of that humble income! Do n't try it, CHARLES; you would n't get it, I assure you.

'As to your making an effort, that's all nonsense. Every body makes efforts now-a-days. Every body that ever I read of, except Mrs. DOMBET, made an effort; and if my grandmother were to die, and leave me a thousand dollars, you might, with equal propriety, inform me that you made an effort for that venerable person's decease, and claim 'five or ten per cent.' of that amount of property, as to humbug me with your making efforts to influence Congress, who, as I said before, I solemnly believe is independent of all the efforts of all the Notary-Publics in all Washington.

'From these two considerations, I conclude that you have no claim, or shadow of a claim, on me, but that your proposal is merely a request for charity, to the amount of 'five or ten per cent.' on the small sum that you, living in Washington and watching the signs of the times, begin to believe Congress is going to allow me. This charity I shall decline bestowing, for three good and sufficient reasons:

'First, I am very poor myself.

'SECOND, I have a family to support on eighty-nine dollars eighty-three cents a month, which is n't such a tremendous income, in a country where flour is thirty dollars per barrel.

'THIRD, I'll see you —— first, giving you full permission to fill the blank with any kind aspiration for your future welfare and happiness that may occur to you, and that you may deem appropriate.

'FAREWELL, CHARLES. Remember me kindly to 'a number of officers stationed in Texas' when you write. Invest properly and judiciously the 'five or ten per cents' you get from them. In your future efforts forget me, and remember to

'Be virtuous, and you will be happy.'

'Adieu! Yours respectively,

'GEORGE H. DERBY,
'Lieut. Top. Engineers.

'TO CHARLES DE SELDING, Esq.,
Seventh-street, opposite Odd-Fellows' Hall, General-Agent, Notary-Public, Commissioner of Deeds, and United States Commissioner for all the States in the Union, and elsewhere!'

It is not often that you find a neglected, discarded author so full of 'fun and philosophy' as the correspondent who sends us the subjoined: a writer, let us add, from whom our readers have often heard, and never without gratification:

'In the basement of a store on L—— street, directly back of the Post-Office, flourishes a small biblioplist. If you should happen to have a spare dime about you, the first time you send to the post-office after receiving this, by handing it (the dime, not this letter) to the messenger employed in that pilgrimage, and requesting him to purchase of the before-mentioned biblioplist a book called '*The C..... of B....*, events *might* follow that will be spoken of below. The writer of this, some three years or more ago, wrote a book with the above-mentioned title. From a wish to afford the public the gratification of an early perusal of the book, which he knew that same public must be impatiently longing to read, (as the public always is the first book of an author,) he with great liberality published it himself, without first running the gauntlet of book-publishers, (as he might have done, and as most others would, although, of course, without a shadow of success in finding a publisher.) Well, I have no new experiences to relate, touching the gratitude of the public. After this extraordinary instance of my kindness in seeking to afford them what I knew must be so great a gratification, they, instead of discontinuing their usual avocations for a week, or a day even, to have a gala-time over the book, paid no attention to it whatever, and in fact seemed totally unconscious that any thing extraordinary had happened. They had the hardihood and effrontery to continue their pursuits of business or of pleasure the same as before. And this after all the sacrifices I had made to please them! I was led to exclaim, '*In laboring pro bono publico, cui bono?*' (I was obliged to consult the last leaves of a spelling-book to find expressions adequate to clothe my sufferings in.) 'Not us, certainly,' was the emphatic answer of the public. But who ever expects any justice from the PUBLIC? — an ungrateful monster that once banished ARISTIDES, and again 'struck BILLY PATERSON'? Yet there are some brazen-faced fellows who contend that the public are pretty near right in the long run! To what length a fondness for paradox will sometimes lead men!

'After the surprise naturally felt at such an astonishing want of gratitude for benefits conferred had passed away, I slipped back into my customary channels of thought and action, forgave the public, and forgot all about the books. I had

shipped them off to New-York as soon as they were published, and they were stowed away in the third story of a hardware-house, where they remained for a year or more. The proprietor of the store being a friend of mine, I desired him to find a customer for them in the lump, if he could. No such customer presenting himself, and being about to move, for a small consideration he 'let them slide' down into this bibliopolist's establishment. I cannot refrain, however, from mentioning, as an extenuating circumstance for publishing the book, that a friend, who has more pecuniary resources than literary judgment, having seen some of the MSS., offered to guarantee the expense of the publishing.

'The author once called at this place in L — street, and taking up this book, and laughing disdainfully, said to the book-seller: '*I know* the author of this. I should think, having the sale of such a work, that you occupied an inconvenient room. It is too bad to make the public, in such crowds as they would be likely to come for so popular a book, descend and ascend so many steps. And then, you have only one door both for ingress and egress. In a pleasant day, I should think your customers would be liable to run one another down in coming in and going out.'

'The book-seller did not seem to fancy these jokes. He did not like the idea of having any of his 'stock' made the subject of such sarcasms. He coolly asked:

'What fault have you to find with the book?'

'I replied that 'I thought the faults spoke for themselves — not so the merits.'

'Perhaps you are jealous or envious of the author,' retorted the book-seller.

'I very honestly and earnestly disclaimed any such feeling.

'Well, said the book-seller, suddenly changing his tone, 'who the devil *is* the fellow that wrote this book?'

'I replied: 'He is clerk, I believe, to a brick-maker.'

'Clerk to a brick-maker!' repeated he; and then laughingly continued: 'He thought, I suppose, that the fact of being able to make a brick implied a capacity to make a book. At least, I should judge so from this romance of his;' and then he laughed immoderately at his own facetiousness.

'Perhaps you are right, to some extent,' said I; 'but I believe the author had 'a brick in his hat' when he commenced the work.'

'He was not much of a 'brick' *himself*, at all events,' replied the book-seller; and leaving the man in excellent humor with himself, not on account of the bargain he got with his book, but for the exhibition of humor he had displayed, I ascended the steps to the side-walk, glad to breathe the fresh air, and feeling no increased admiration for book-sellers.

'Now, to be serious about the book, (although it is a very small matter to be serious about,) it was written when I had about three years less experience as a writer, and three years less maturity of judgment than I now have; weights under which you will very naturally conclude no literary progeny of mine could keep their heads above water. Still, a glance at the book might gratify some sort of curiosity. The printer, you will observe, seems to have exerted himself to the utmost not to surpass the author, and if he failed to succeed, the fault was not his, but the author's, who made too high a mark for his emulation. The man who made the paper has nothing to be ashamed of except the company of the author and the printer; but paper-makers, I believe, are exceptions to the rule that 'a man is known by the company he keeps.'

'There were only about six hundred copies of the book struck off; and what I wanted to inquire was, if it could not yet be made worthy of being published,

without undergoing a less thorough change than the fellow's knife did that had been so long in the family. Will you see if the springs or rivets even of the book are not worth saving for some 'enterprising house'? Could n't the sophomorical bombast and pedantry be taken out of it, without cutting away so large a part as was taken from the dog, when his tail was cut off just behind his ears?'

We'll 'see about it,' by and by. - - - THERE is an institution connected with the Banks of New-York called '*The Clearing-House*.' We have adopted a principle of its operation in the present number. Availing ourselves of the sultry, oppressive month of August, 'wherein no man can work,' we have made a 'clear sweep' of deferred matter, twelve pages of which have, from time to time, been crowded out. So that while our readers will find themselves benefitted by the 'freshet,' we shall have a 'clear field' in subsequent numbers. - - - ONE of the most extensive and superb printing and book-selling establishments *in the world* will be that of the BROTHERS HARPER, when it is completed. The western half, fronting upon Cliff-street, in a slightly crescent form, is already inclosed to the top. We have watched its growth, during the summer; its story after story of arched floors and iron columns, until it now stands, like a segment of the Roman Coliseum, the marvel of the whole neighborhood. Every vast story is isolated, and each is perfectly fire-proof. And it is as imposing in appearance as it is safe in reality. Nothing has been omitted that could add to its perfect security. Looking at the structure to-day, during a pause in proof-reading, from our printing-office window, and thinking how many, *many* years we had known the firm, we saw Mr. WESLEY and Mr. FLETCHER HARPER, standing upon the very spot where we saw them stand a comparatively short time ago, looking with sad eyes upon the ruins of their *late* establishment; but now gazing with undisguised admiration upon their *new* one. Success to 'THE BROTHERS,' say we! - - - THE following will perhaps recall to the mind of the reader the wag who 'ran the toll-gate' of Cayuga Bridge one cold winter night, as set forth some years ago in the KNICKERBOCKER.

'My cousin Tom was the most genial-hearted and liberal-minded man I ever met. When a boy, his last penny or marble was readily surrendered to the playmate who appeared to want it most, and, as he grew up, the small inheritance which was left him by his father was stowed away, from time to time, in the drawers of 'charitable societies' and beggars' pockets, so that when he arrived at the age of twenty-five, he found himself minus money and, of course, minus friends.

'It is singular that people do not take better care of the 'siller,' when it is proved daily and hourly that without it man is a non-entity, but, with it, a dummy is invested with the greatest importance. Tom was in a quandary on his twenty-fifth birth-day.

'As I said before, he was without money, and, consequently, without friends, and another source of considerable inconvenience to him was *bills*—not such as are issued by those most respectable institutions called banks, but such as are composed of bits of foolscap paper, and which, in this case, showed

'THOMAS NOGGS, Esq.,

'To Messrs. SO AND SO,

DR.

to a large amount.

'Tom ruminated. What to do he was unable to determine. Tailors, in flash waist-coats and patent-leather boots, visited him frequently, and — went away excited.

Boot-makers, and dealers in horse-flesh, with knit brows and determined airs, visited him at his boarding-house, but to no purpose. His land-lady reminded him that he had forgotten to settle for the last three-months' board, that provisions were very high, and that she would be obliged to him if he — would pay. The washer-woman demanded an immediate settlement, and when Tom told her she must wait a few days, she raised a storm of the first magnitude.

'What a scarcity of funds occurs among one's creditors when they hear that he is short! What large bills they have coming due! what visions of bank-notes float before their eyes, which must be paid immediately, or be protested!

'Tom fell into a brown study. 'Something must be done,' said he to himself, 'or I shall be worried to death. Uncle JOSHUA will stay a year longer, at least; if he should happen to drop off now, I could manage these troublesome bills without difficulty; for he *can't* go without leaving me ten thousand, at least.'

'Tom meditated long and deeply, and, finally, a great idea popped into his head. That night he slept as sound as a lord. Next morning the citizens of Skinpenny were surprised and alarmed; for, on a shingle nailed up by Tom's window, appeared, in flaming capitals, those words of awful import,

S m a l l - P o x .

Knots of men and women gathered at the corners of the streets — and talked. Some were in favor of removing the invalid immediately to some secluded locality; but who would do it? No one in the village had had the disease, and no one cared to breathe the atmosphere by which he was surrounded.

'JOE BLACKLOCK (whose credit, by the way, was not much better than Tom's) took care of the patient. He was seen occasionally in the street, but he avoided every body and every body avoided him.

'Tom was no longer troubled by his creditors.

'He was pronounced by Joe, who was his only physician, to be past recovery, and for several days the story was current that all was over with the invalid.

'Matters went on in this way for several weeks, when, by one of those mysterious dispensations of PROVIDENCE, uncle JOSHUA was taken away, and Tom came into possession of property valued at twenty thousand dollars. He recovered rapidly, and when he first made his appearance out of doors, he was greeted by hosts of friends. Tom paid up his debts, married an amiable and handsome wife, built a snug cottage a short distance out of town, and lives happily.

'There were no more cases of small-pox in Skinpenny that season.

H. L. S.'

We have our correspondent's second letter. - - - OPPOSITE our publication-office, in the superb building of the Messrs. APPLETON, corner of Broadway and Leonard-street, in Room Number Sixteen, of Number Three Hundred and Forty-Seven, Broadway, is the studio of Mr. T. D. JONES, a young sculptor, formerly of Kentucky, a gallant State, which has good cause to be proud of her gifted son. We called at his rooms to examine a medallion-bust of our old and esteemed friend, the late lamented DAVID GRAHAM, Jr. We confess that we had much doubt of his success, after hearing that all he had to represent the original was a daguerreotype and a 'Silhouette;' but the result of his conception and admirable execution is as near *life* as it could possibly be made. It is a *wonderful* likeness, under the circumstances. The finely-chiselled, compressed lips, the expanded nostril, the classical head, the disposition of the hair, all will at once be recognized as presenting a faithful limning of the beloved and lamented original. Mr. JONES uncovered

for us a bust of a distinguished merchant, not yet in the marble, ordered for the great room of a commercial exchange, which is, without *any* exception, the most *perfectly* life-like copy of a well-known original that we ever saw. If this praise seem extravagant, we will withdraw it the very moment *any* person who has seen the sitter and the bust, shall affirm that the latter is exaggerated. - - - The following account of certain '*Sharp Practice in Erie*' will interest a good many readers, lawyers and speculators especially :

'HAvING occasion recently to pass a few days not far remote from Erie, Pennsylvania, I was made acquainted with certain facts in her recent history which I have not seen written out, and which convinced me that, although 'lone wandering,' she was not yet wholly lost. A few weeks ago, and in the heat of the battle, an action was prosecuted in the borough, which resulted in a verdict of four hundred dollars and costs, for the plaintiff. The victim was a man who had seen better days, but whose sum total now told less than two hundred dollars. An old dilapidated saw-mill, about thirty miles from the borough, was all that he could call his own. Like Thebes and Palmyra, it had once flourished, and, like them, it had gone to decay and ruin. It saw, with prophetic eye, the sad fate that was one day to overtake its ambitious but deluded neighbor, and it preferred premature death to surviving Erie's fall.

'Now the man favored of justice was acquainted with his adversary's condition, and well knew that the sheriff must needs return *nulla bona*, in part, if not wholly, unless measures were taken not ordinarily used in enforcing judgments. He, therefore, decided upon the following: Having found a man who, for a consideration, and for the fun of the thing, entered heart and soul into his scheme for furthering the ends of the law, he invested him with a rustic's garb, and instructed him in the *modus operandi*. The newly-installed countryman bent his steps to the sheriff's office, and with all the gravity and honest dignity of a true yeoman, told that functionary that he had heard he was going to sell the mill-*privilege*; that he lived near by, and would like to buy it, and would give him six hundred dollars for it. The sheriff replied that he would like to accommodate him, but that he was at liberty to sell the property only in the manner in such case made and provided by statute. After expressing a strong desire to purchase, and his willingness to go the six hundred dollars for the mill, the ploughman left. Now it happened that our worthy officer had a young friend, noted for his sharpness, and the prominence of his *speculative* 'bumps;' and he took an early opportunity to call upon him and demonstrate to him the art of putting money in his purse. The plaintiff, too, was not over-careful to conceal the countryman's eagerness to dip into real estate, and his consequent high bid for the mill; and ere many hours had passed, the countryman was not the only one eager to invest. The sale was hurried on, and, when the hour arrived, the sheriff announced to a larger and more anxious crowd than he had dreamed of, that the property was to be sold on an execution, and that the highest bidder would take it. Bids were freely offered, and it was soon manifest that the highest bidder must, in truth, bid *high*. Four hundred dollars was offered; and at length, four of the most eager sharpers consented to go in together and divide the spoils. Five hundred dollars was bid; the mill was struck off to the worthies, and our hero, the plaintiff, gave a satisfaction-piece, with which he was evidently well satisfied.

'For him, the scheme had worked well. Let us look at the joint owners of the mill-pond. With them, a nimble sixpence was better than a dull shilling, and hence, their first movement was to convert their ownership *in fee*, into specie, and divide the spoils. The necessary papers were drawn up, and with elevated feelings the lucky four set out to locate — not their mill — but the eager countryman, whose highest aspiration, they supposed, was to call their property his own. A few hours' ride brought them to the mill-pond; and now wo to their victim. Few inquiries, and a very brief search satisfied them that he had gone to purchase a mill-privilege in the moon, and that a *coup de main* they had little dreamed of, had overtaken their high hopes and flattering

prospects. They had 'built upon the sand,' and were 'their own destroyers.' With curses on the poor old mill, and with feelings better imagined than portrayed, they turned their backs on their possessions, determined henceforth to devote their energies to the general cause, and to eschew all individual enterprise. But the war now wore a changed aspect to them. They had to fight against their own 'kith and kin,' and their own banners displayed other words than 'Wide gauge or no gauge.' To that law-suit, more than to any thing else, is undoubtedly owing the suspension of the Erie War.

'J. H. S.'

They are 'sharp' in Erie. - - - *'The Conquest of Greytown, a Nashnal Pome,'* set to the air of 'The Star-Spangled Banyer,' was unfortunately not sent for competition with the others, sent to the Committee, at the office of the *'Evening Post.'* The author, in a post-script to the Editor, says: 'The above was rote too late for any of the prizes of *The Post.* If you will make it all rite, let me hav as much puter as it ought to fetch, fur it has 'gin me much trubbel for to rite it.'

'Oh! say, have you seen what a conquest has been
Achieved by the *Cyane* — GEO HOLLINS commander?
When the stripe and white stars floated over her spars,
As she called on the town of San Wan to surrender;
And the Paixhan's red glare, and bungs bustin' in air,
Gave proof by day-light that the foe was not thar:
Oh! say, does the star-spangled banyer yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

'On the shore of San Wan thar was not seen a gun,
For the foe had vamosed and gone off to the ked'ntry;
And the streets were all bare, as the army warn't thar,
For the captins and cuunles run arter the sed'ntry:
Said MARCY's dispatches, (I mean him with the patches),
'Loco-foco's the motto, so burn 'em with matches!'
And say that the star-spangled banyer doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

'Oh! where is the foe that so vauntingly swore
'That them bungo-boat niggers' lives should have purtection'?
For BORLAND has said that we shan't get ahead,
If we don't 'lay pipes' now for the coming election:
So shoot every gun on the town of San Wan,
And sing out for FRANK PIERCE and freedom like fun:
And the star-spangled banyer in triumph shall wa-a-a-a-ave (*overland*)
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!'

How these lines 'stir the blood!' - - - BLACKBERRIES are good, too; quite as sweet and luscious, when fully ripe, as the Strawberry's successor, the Raspberry, of which we made mention in our last number. And hereabout they do greatly abound; multitudinous clusters of big ones, with round, divided, tessellated surfaces, shining-black, like a fly's eye. And a 'right pleasant' thing it is to take a small willow-basket of sweet bread-and-butter with a tea-cup of powdered sugar, and three or four 'little folks,' and go up into the woods to pick them fresh from the bushes. Needn't mind their purple lips and red-tipped fingers: the chattering gipsies not less cleanly and kissable; and the color all 'washes out!' - - - 'It's a flail!' said we, after sitting for a long time at one of our river-windows, listening to a dull, measured 'thump-thump!' 'thump-thump!' now sharp and flat, and now muffled and non-resonant. It was a pleasant reminiscence of boyhood's days; so we sallied out, and sought the barn whence the sounds proceeded. Asking permission so to do, we 'took a hand' at one of the flails, and as we 'thumped,

thumped, thumped away' at the new oats, we enjoyed a review of the past that was worth a dukedom. A turn at the fanning-mill completed the illusion: 'MILES G. ASPEN, five years of age!' - - - MR. HORACE MANN, the distinguished Public Instructionist, in a recent discourse, urges with force the congregating of young men and young ladies in the same classes at colleges and academies. *There will be a change!*—and it will probably strike no one more forcibly than our new correspondent, who sends us the following:

'You know that there are in the world a class of very well-meaning people who think to be merry a sin, and the least departure from Sabbath-day propriety a breach of what should be the eleventh commandment. And you know too that in family boarding-schools ('where the students have all the advantages of a pious, well-regulated family') the teachers are apt to be of that class, and the scholars, by the rule of contraries, (which, by the way, seems to be a law of human nature,) are generally as much inclined in the other direction.

'At *our* school, which was male and female pretty equally divided, it was considered contrary to all rules of propriety and very detrimental to manners and morals for the young ladies and gentlemen there caged to associate, or even to speak with each other, except upon stated and special occasions. This rule, as you may suppose from the nature of things, was considered an undue exercise of despotic power, and a fair subject for evasion; and many and divers were the occasions on which it was slighted and trampled under foot. And at length it had come to the ears of 'the faculty' that such was the case, and that on sundry occasions pairs, male and female, had been observed to enter the front-gate of the yard from the village street at unseemly hours of the night, in direct contravention of the statute in such case made and provided. This was a breach of discipline 'not to be tolerated by no manner of means;' and, as a remedy, it was proposed in a solemn convocation of the powers that were, that one of their number, whose room was conveniently situated for the purpose, should keep careful watch and ward, and that when he should see a guilty pair approaching from their nocturnal violation of the law, he should stealthily creep out, pounce upon them, and having caught them in *flagrante delicto*, they should, before the assembled school, be made to feel 'the terrors of the law.'

'This scheme soon became known to some of the sinners, and no sooner known than a counter-plot was hatched. It was determined that one of the boys should array himself in the dress of a lady, or in so much of a lady's dress as he could get, and we knew how to get on; that another young gentleman should accompany this counterfeit lady upon an evening's walk, and that when they returned they should take good care to be seen by the official spy. To obtain the necessary materials for the disguise, a descent was made upon the painting-room, where the young ladies kept the garments which they used while pursuing their studies; there a gown, shawl, and hood were procured, and with these we made what served our turn for a lady on the occasion; not very graceful, certainly, nor calculated for close inspection; but 'she' *did*, as the sequel showed. Thus equipped, the lady and her attendant gentleman sallied forth!

'It was about eleven o'clock of a beautiful summer's evening; the moon shone brightly in mid-heaven, and not a sound was to be heard save the faint chirp of the cricket, or the far-off bark of some sleepless cur. The faintest foot-fall was painfully distinct. The guilty pair passed through the front gate into the village street, and in a few minutes returned, as it had been arranged that they should be detected at this stage of their crime. As they entered the gate, a signal was made by one of the conspirators to attract the attention of the official look-out. He approached the window of his room, looked out, when, lo! to his eager gaze, in plain sight, appeared an offending pair, apparently unconscious of their danger, and enjoying with great gusto their stolen interview. He quietly slipped out of his room and passed down to the steps in front, and there, in the shadow of the building, awaited their approach. The pair stop about mid-way of the yard and seem to be gazing at the stars. The guardian of the

night grows impatient, and saunters slowly toward them. They commence a slow retreat. He quickens his step, and they keep their distance. He grows furious at the audacious attempt to escape, and breaks into a desperate run.

'And now commenced a race, the like of which I may never hope to see again. The lady and her attendant gentleman take to flight like startled deer. The steps of the pursuer and the pursued resound through the deserted street like the charging of a squadron of horse. On they flew: the pursuer gains; the gallantry of the gentleman leaves him, and with it he leaves the lady; and now, poor thing! what shall she do? The foot-steps behind her grow more distinct every moment: she strains every nerve, but her dress impedes her steps; it will not do; she must either yield to her fate or else adopt a desperate and last resort. And then, in her frenzy throwing aside all maiden modesty, she seizes the skirts of her dress, and quickly drawing them up around her waist, with freed limbs she darts away, and is soon beyond the reach of pursuit!

'And the pursuer? There he stands, the picture of astonishment and chagrin. When he saw the first upward movement of the lady's dress, he had stopped, (he was a modest man,) transfixed with horror at the idea that such depravity should exist and be displayed before his face and eyes: and next, as the upward movement displayed a pair of stout calf-skin boots and cassimere pantaloons, the consciousness of having been 'sold' flashed upon his mind and completed his discomfiture; which was in no wise diminished by three hearty cheers from the throats of the young scamps who had 'bought' him so cheaply. He crept back to his room 'a sadder, but a wiser man.'

MR. E. L. DAVENPORT, the distinguished American actor, who in seven years' successful professional exertion in Great-Britain, has gained for himself a reputation of the highest order, has accepted an engagement at the Broadway Theatre, where he will soon appear. His is a high, honorable character, personally, from which cause, added to his professional excellence, he has 'troops of friends.' - - - We strongly suspect, from the 'hand of write,' that the ensuing 'court-scene' comes from the facile pen of our old friend the author of '*The Puddleford Papers*.'

'LITIGATION about title to *pigs*; the pigs having run wild all summer.

'Witness, a boy, a little deaf, and a little 'daft.'

'LAWYER: 'Do you know plaintiff's pigs?'

'WITNESS: 'Ha?' (very loud.)

'LAWYER: (raising his voice) 'Do — you — know — plaintiff's pigs?'

'WITNESS: 'Yes.'

'LAWYER: 'How long have you known them?'

'WITNESS: 'Ha?'

'LAWYER, (louder still:) 'How long have you known them?'

'WITNESS: 'Fed 'em all last spring.'

'LAWYER: 'Were they all about of a size?'

'WITNESS: 'Ha?'

'LAWYER: 'Were they all about of a size?'

'WITNESS: 'Ha?'

'LAWYER, (rises on his feet, petulantly, and shakes his fore-finger, at the conclusion of each word, at witness:) 'Were — they — all — about — of — a — size?'

'WITNESS: '*Some ov 'em wer, and some ov 'em warn't!*'

'Great explosion in court-house: lawyer magnetized, and witness staring vacantly around.' - - - Poets! — look at the offer that is made you by Mr. DERBY, on the cover!